

SICK

No. 94

PRESENTS THE CLODFATHER

40¢
June

EXCLUSIVE:
BRIDGET LOVES
BERNIE
HUCKLEBERRY

PLAYMATE PINUP:
TOTIE FIELDS
A Weight-Watcher's
Nightmare

FREE BONUS CUTOUTS

GIANT NEW
CONTEST



Making The World Safe For Hypocrisy
Drawings by EDWARD SOREL

Shock classmates! While reading SICK, make them think you get hold of THIS book!

TOP SECRET

ANSWERS TO ALL FINAL EXAMINATIONS IN CITY SCHOOLS

1973-1974

CONFIDENTIAL

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF

SICK

No. 94

June 1973

Volume 13 Number 2

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After flashing this bonus you'd better cut out!

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ATTENTION WORLD: Be sincere...even if you don't mean it!

Think my
centerfold
was big?
Wait'll you
see the one
in this
issue!

ASIDE TO ANN-MARGRET:

"Next time use a net, dummy!"

—Don Rickles



Sickcerely Yours



WE GET LETTERS!

Documentary Photo Aids
Sarasota, Florida

SICK
919 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
This company produces visual aids for public school use.

In an earlier addition of SICK, a series of posters entitled "ADS FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE POLLUTION" appeared.

We might like to turn them into educational posters. May we have your permission to do so?

Sincerely,
Joyce Fabricand
Asst. Gen. Mgr.

Dear Sirs:
In your 1973 Annual you published a Hippie Song Sheet. There are a few songs in there we would like to use. May we do so? My friends and I have a group named the Top Tapps. We have written many songs but now need some new ones.

William Winston
Washington, D.C.

ED. NOTE: To both of you—use our SICK stuff in good health!

Your March issue was your funniest one yet. I think you have the best humor magazine on the market today. Keep up the good work!

Mark Allenhard
Topeka, Kansas

I read The New Army Handbook in your last issue and it really hit the mark. That's the direction the

Army is going in. Congratulations on a brilliant piece of satire...

Tony Rucelli
Aberdeen, Md.

Many thanks for making my favorite comedian, George Carlin, your comedian of the month. I'm a big fan of his, and now I'm a big fan of yours!

Cheri Snell
Jersey City

Enjoyed those songs in your Movie Monster Song Book (SICK 93). I think your parodies are priceless. Let's have more of them!

Al Harmel, Jr.
Danbury, Conn.

That fellow Langton who draws your Sports Oddities—isn't he the same artist who draws those sport figures in the New York Post? Looks like the same style...

Laurie Price
New York, N.Y.

ED. NOTE: That's him—John Langton—the only one we know with athlete's hand!



ous poetry. He hit the nail right on the head!

Jack Canafero
Joliet, Ill.

I think SICK has vastly improved over the past couple of years. It's probably superior right now to any of its competitors. Keep turning out those pages!

Bill Zweig
Holyoke, Mass.

ED. NOTE: We will—if you keep turning out those letters!

EXCLUSIVE!



RARE PICTURE OF
JACKIE KENNEDY WITH
HER CLOTHES ON

Really grooved writer Lois Maiwald's article on WHAT PEOPLE DO WHILE MAKING OTHER PEOPLE WAIT (SICK #93). Let's have more of her...

Martin Ames
Tampa, Florida

ED. NOTE: Her—or her article?

I'm a psychologist who spends a good deal of my time analyzing

SIGN OF THE MONTH

THIS IS A CH -- CH

What's missing?

people's doodles. Thus, I was particularly impressed with the doodles you analyzed in your March issue. I'm using them in connection with my work to inject a little levity into an otherwise sombre routine. Thanks for your help...

Roger Wallace, PhD.
Dover, N.J.

In your last issue I especially enjoyed those Typographics created by Bob Heit. The latter should be a steady feature...

Marcia Rodd
Van Nuys, Calif.

ED. NOTE: It would be if we could find a steady typist!

Still can't get over that groovy pinup you had in the March SICK. Who would have thought of putting Woody Allen's head on Burt Reynolds's body?

Tom Vernick
Montreal, Can.

ED. NOTE: Mrs. Woody Allen.

For my money, SICK is the best humor book on the market today!

Jerry Naccio
Scranton, Pa.

ED. NOTE: That's great—unless you happen to be a pauper!

SICKIE OF THE MONTH

Are you a Jehovah Witness?

I didn't even see the accident!

"Hello, Dad,
I got busted
by the fuzz
last night!"



Half the fun of
good news is
sharing it on
the telephone



Bull System

America's Original Communications Gap

EDWARD SOREL is one of America's top satirists and caricaturists. It is said that he uses an acid-tipped pen. And now, for the first time, his work appears in SICK. Which proves that, in this case, the pen is mightier than the sword—as SICK presents...

THE World OF EDWARD SOREL



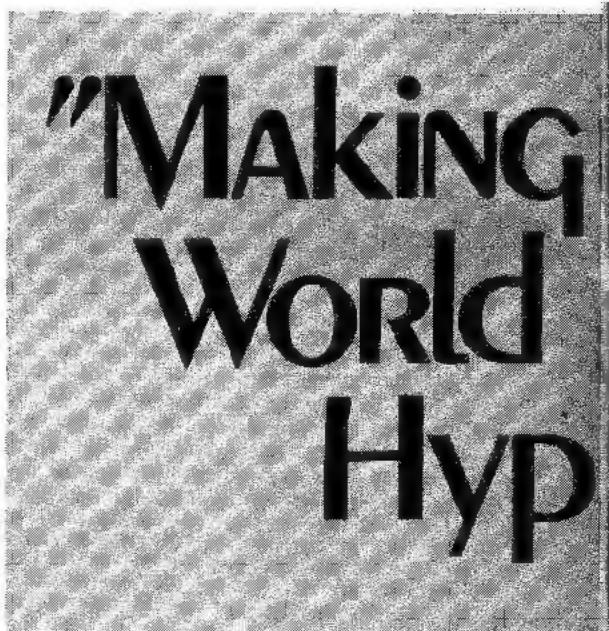
Great Idea of Western Man: No. 1.

WASHINGTON: "As I looked at that movie," said President Nixon after "Chisum" was shown for him, "I wondered why it is that the Westerns survive year after year... one of the reasons is perhaps, and this may be a square observation; the good guys come out ahead in the Westerns; the bad guys lose." (August 1970)



Bureaucrat of the Breakfast Table

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Henry Kissinger, chief White House adviser on national security affairs, recently told reporter Gerald Astor: "I can understand the anguish of the younger generation. They lack models, they have no heroes, they see no great purpose in the world. But conscientious objection is destructive of a society. The imperatives of the individual are always in conflict with the organization of society. Conscientious objection must be reserved for only the greatest moral issues, and Vietnam is not of this magnitude." (October 1969)





Lord High Sexicationer

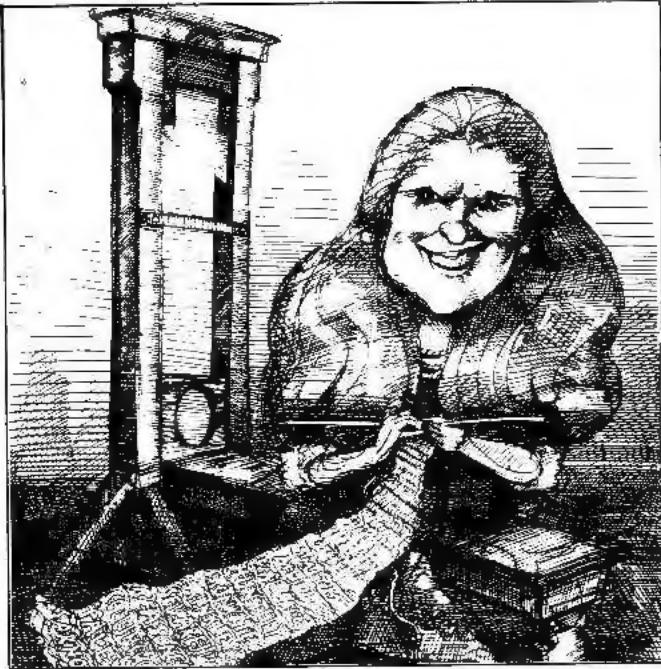
NEW YORK—David Susskind, television's jack-of-all-trades, is at it again: "I'm sick of the women's liberation bursting into the *Ladies Home Journal*, seizing the office . . . It wouldn't work with me at all. If they ever came around here, I'd throw them the hell out. I'd tell them, 'If I see you one more time, the women that are working here won't be working here. Understand? Get out of my hair! Don't bother me! Yeah, I would really fire a girl. I'd give them one sacrificial offering. There's always one person around you don't want very much anyhow." (September 1970)

THE SAFE FOR OCRiSY"



A Satisfied Cadaver Is Our Best Advertisement

PARIS—South African heart surgeon Christiaan Barnard, arriving with his bride at their suite in the Hotel George V, immediately began a series of interviews with the press. After several questions about Dr. Barnard's apparent desire for publicity, one reporter asked: "Do you think all that publicity has hurt your career?" The answer: "You've never heard any of my patients complaining about the way I'm treating them now, have you?" (April 1970)



Little Miss Nixon

WASHINGTON—Tricia Nixon feels that Vice President Agnew's attacks on the news media have had a salutary effect: "I'm a close watcher of newspapers and TV. I think they've taken a second look. You can't underestimate the power of fear. They're afraid if they don't shape up..." (March 1970)



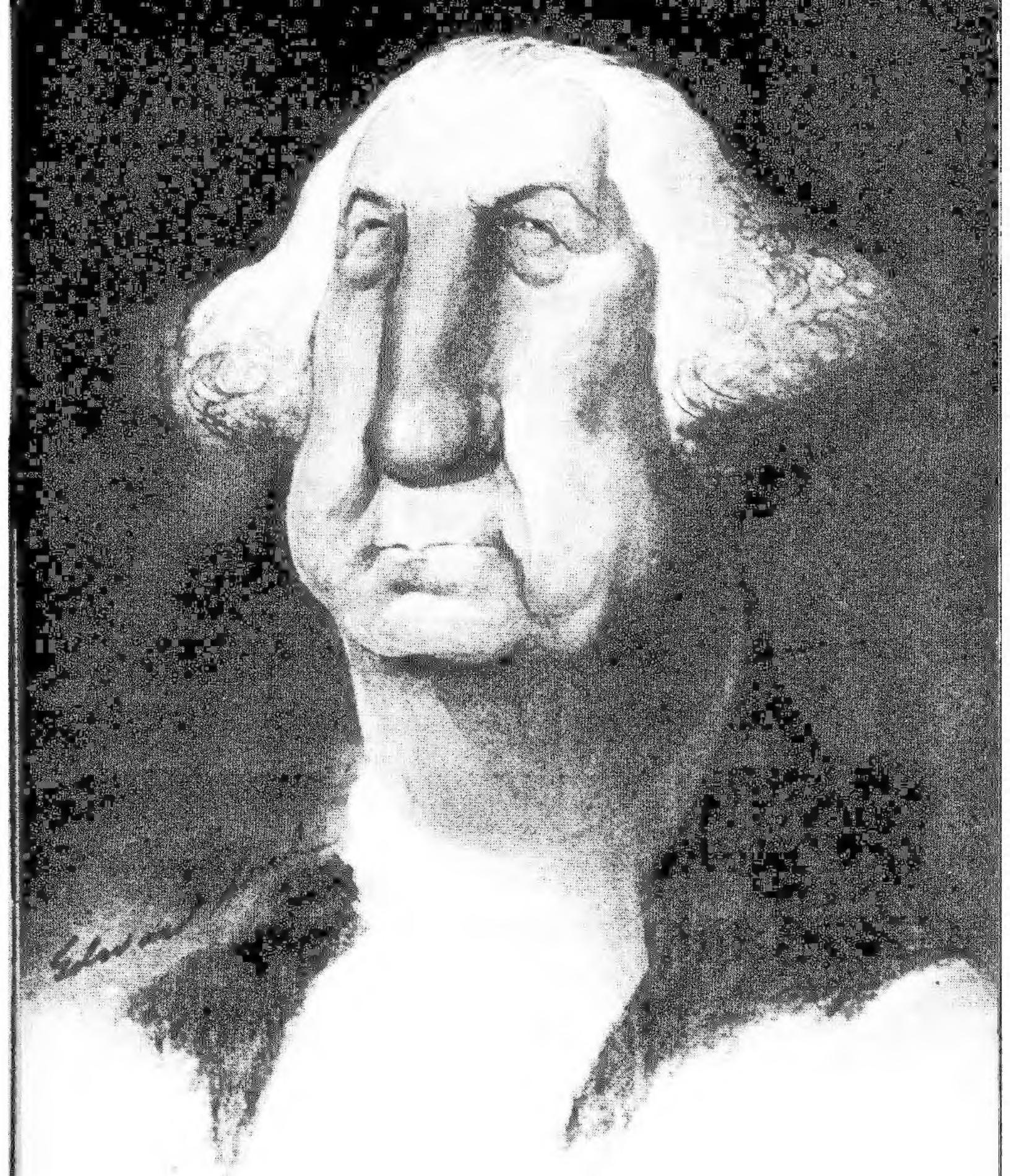
A Czar Is Born

WASHINGTON—Mrs. Mitchell on November's Washington anti-war demonstration: "I don't think the average Americans realize how desperate it is when a group of demonstrators, not peaceful demonstrators, but the very liberal Communists, moved into Washington... my husband made the comment to me, looking out the Justice Department it looked like the Russian revolution going on." (December 1969)



The Voice Isn't All He Throws

NEW YORK—Governor Nelson Rockefeller, when asked by a reporter for his views on Vietnam: "My position on Vietnam is very simple. I think that our concept as a nation, and that our actions, have not kept pace with the changing conditions. And therefore our actions are not completely relevant today to the realities of the magnitude and the complexity of the problems that we face in this conflict." Asked the reporter, "What does that mean?" Replied the Governor, "Just what I said." (September 1969)



First In War, First In Peace, First In the Heart of His Country Club

TODAY, COLUMBUS WOULDN'T HAVE TO BOTHER QUEEN ISABELLA FOR LOOT. ALL HE'D DO IS VISIT FRIENDLY FINANCE OR FLASH HIS DUNNERS CLUB CARD, AND HE'D BE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, HIS THREE SHIPS FULLY OUTFITTED, HIS EXPEDITION READY TO SET SAIL. BUT IN THE OLD DAYS, SPONSORS HAD TO BE FOUND AND—QUITE RIGHTLY—THEY ITEMIZED THE COSTS AND PAID THEM WITH...

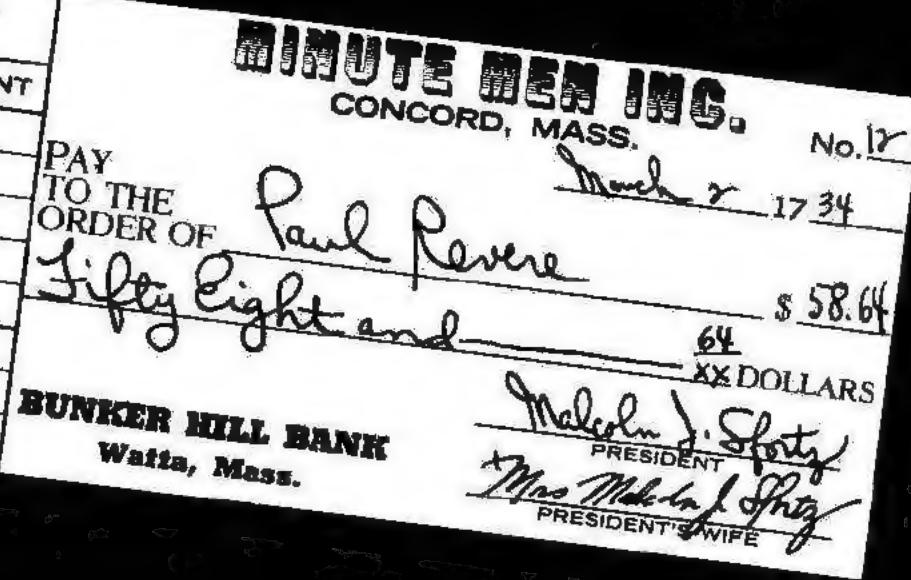
FAMOUS CHECKS IN HISTORY

Forged by
PAUL LAIKIN

THIS CHECK IS IN PAYMENT OF THE FOLLOWING INVOICES:		
DATE	ITEM	AMOUNT
4/1/35	Island of Manhattan (not including Brooklyn)	24.49
	Total Invoices	24.49
Less	discount	49
	Amount of check	24.00
ENDORSEMENT CONSTITUTES PAYMENT IN FULL		



This check is in settlement of the following:		
DATE	DESCRIPTION	AMOUNT
	1 horse	49.50
	Throat spray	.29
	Dialogue supplied "The British are Coming!"	10.00
DEDUCTIONS: TOTAL Less deposit on saddle		58.79
		3.15
AMOUNT DUE		55.64



THIS CHECK IS IN SETTLEMENT
OF THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT
DATE PARTICULARS

DATE	PARTICULARS	COST
7/2	180 bags	42.00
7/9	230 bags	87.00
7/16	3 tubs	.06
7/28	sugar	
7/27	Ghee Churn	9.28
7/29	Bromo Salts	.10
		N/c
TOTALS		138.44
Less: Deposit on bags 2 and powder 3		.29
AMOUNT		138.15

LAST NATIONAL
BANK BOSTON, MASS.

Charlie Furd
PARTY THROWER

PAYMENT FOR THE FOLLOWING
(if incorrect please return)

DATE	ACCOUNT	RATE
Dec Nov	Nina	405.75
	Pinta	395.50
	Santa Maria	270.25
	Tolka	.65
	Parapants	15.45
	Swim Pill	.98
	TOTAL	1088.58
	For Back	24.50
	AMOUNT	1113.08

**ANTEPASTO
CORN EXCHANGE
ROME, ITALY**

SICK MAGAZINE
NEW YORK, N.Y.
February 3

"BUY NOW-PAY LATER"

GRAND TOTAL	
Less egg gratin	199.00
Less attorney's license	,88
AMOUNT DUE	.12

A historical check from Boston Patriots Corp. to Charlie Furd for \$138.15. The check is dated July 30, 1774, and is number 39. The payee is Lipton Tea Company. The amount is One Hundred Thirty Eight $\frac{15}{60}$ DOLLARS. The check is signed by Charlie Furd, PARTY THROWER. The check is drawn on Last National Bank, BOSTON, MASS. The check is made out to the Office of Her Majesty #49.

UN
ST
'

BOSTON PATRIOTS CORP.
BOSTON, MASS. July 30, 1774 NO. 39

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Lipton Tea Company \$ 138.15

One Hundred Thirty Eight $\frac{15}{60}$ DOLLARS

Last National Bank BOSTON, MASS.

Charlie Furd
PARTY THROWER

Office of Her Majesty #49

Office of Her Majesty #49
Genoa, Italy Jan 9 1492
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Christopher Columbus \$113 08
One Thousand One Hundred Thirteen 08
Dollars
ANTEAGE
A

Queen Elizabeth
QUEEN

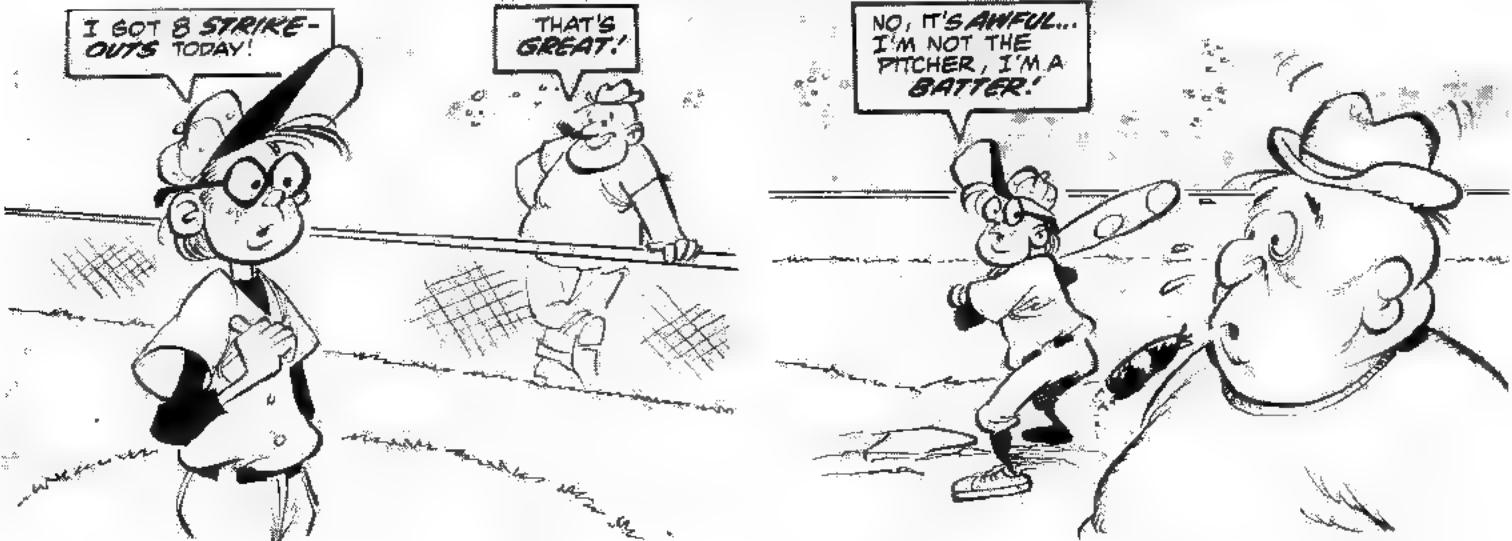
With the Little League baseball season about to get underway, it's time to take a new look at this old institution. And so, with a minimum of fanfare and a maximum of fantasy...

SICK

LOOKS AT THE



BEWARE of handing your wife's unlisted number on a Men's Room wall



BOYS, THIS IS YOUR FIRST BIG GAME! TODAY YOU'RE GOING TO PARAKE IN THAT GREAT AMERICAN INSTITUTION, BASEBALL!



TODAY YOU WILL BE PLAYING A CLEAN AND HEALTHY SPORT, ONE THAT IS THE SYMBOL OF WHOLESOMENESS AND PURITY!



REMEMBER... FAIR PLAY AND TEAMWORK ARE THE KEYWORDS, LET YOUR SENSE OF HONOR AND DECENCY BE YOUR GUIDES!



LITTLE LEAGUE

Script by
ARON MAYER
Art by
JOHN COSTANZA



POOR BOBBY, HE'S STRUCK OUT 14 CONSECUTIVE TIMES OVER THE LAST 3 GAMES!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HIM OUT OF THE LINEUP?

WE CAN'T, HE'S OUR BEST HITTER!

BEWARE of water beds that develop oil slicks

THE BASES ARE LOADED, IT'S TWO OUTS, LAST INNING AND THE SCORE TIED... WHY IS THE GAME BEING CALLED?

THE PITCHER'S MOTHER SAID HE HAD TO BE HOME AT SIX O'CLOCK!

TOMMY, YOU BAT FIRST. JOEY, YOU'RE UP SECOND. LARRY, YOU'RE THIRD, AND YOU, HERBY, YOU CLEAN UP!

OH, BOY, I'M GONNA BAT FOURTH!

NO, YOU CLEAN UP! I WANT THE FIELD SPOTLESS BEFORE THE GAME STARTS!

HEY, YOU WERE JUST UP! HOW COME YOU'RE UP AGAIN?

BECAUSE IT'S MY BAT!

WHAT MAKES YOU SAY YOUR TEACHER, MISS HOPKINS, WON'T PLAY ON OUR TEAM?

I HEARD OUR MANAGER SAY HE'S TRYING TO GET TO FIRST BASE WITH HER BUT SHE WON'T PLAY BALL!

BRAND NEW SICK CONTEST

MOVIE MIS-CASTING

All you have to do to enter is send in your favorite mis-casting of a Hollywood movie. Like, for example:

Elton Sneezy
in
Castaway or *The Empire*

Elton Clapton
in
The God or *One*

Elton Groucho
in
The Gatsby or *One*

Elton Foo Fighters
in
Castaway or *One*

Elton Allen
in
Castaway or *One*

Elton Clinton
in
Castaway or *One*

Get the idea? Then mail yours in today!

**10 BEST WILL EACH RECEIVE
A COPY OF A FANTABULOUS
NEW HUMOR BOOK**

The winning entries and writing will be published in the next regular issue of *SICK*.

Send your entries to: The *SICK* Contest, *SICK* Publications, 314 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10016. Entries to type 30, 1000, all words written on originally.



Successful deeds, outstanding inventions and spectacular achievements by winner-people are almost always celebrated in song and story. But what about the losers... the poor clutzies nobody ever heard of... the sad sacks who almost made it... but just missed by a hair? No one ever writes or sings about them. Surely they deserve some kind of recognition. And so, now SICK salutes these clods with this cloddish



BALLAD OF THE NEAR- MISSES

**(A Sorrowful Saga of
Frustrating Failures)**

as composed by Warren Emery



There once was a luckless old chemist who toiled.
Very hard, but still blew the whole bit.
When working on plans for a brand-new soft drink,
He invented 6-Up—and then quit.

Another sad schnook had a really tough break,
And he took his misfortune quite hard.
He dreamed up a new anti-perspirant spray
And decided to call it Left Guard.

A long time ago a designer of cars
Never had a great deal of success.
He ran from his drawing board to Henry Ford
With a style that he'd named Model S.

An unsung composer of brisk, martial songs
Had his plans go awry in this way:
He wrote a great march, but the lyrics' first line
Was: "Three cheers for the red, white and gray!"

In Merrie Old England, in Queen Liz's day,
Lived a playwright who might have gained fame
If he hadn't so badly mistitled his play:
"Romeo and Zelda" was its name.

A White-House-bound candidate campaigned quite well
But the votes that he garnered were few.
Wouldn't you spurn a man with a slogan like this:
"Tippecanoe and Ralph Glutzheimer too?"

A Renaissance artist planned a masterpiece,
Yet his hopes for acclaim ran afoul.
He hired a dame—Mona Lisa—to pose,
And as soon as she did, he said: "Scowl!"

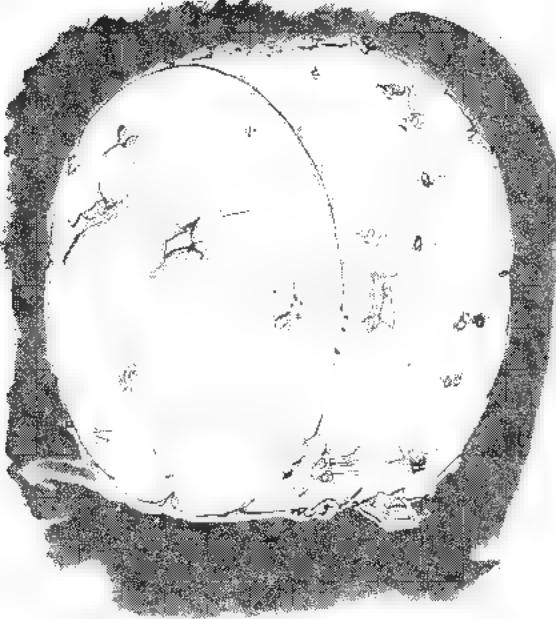
A brooding young poet once penned a long verse
That had spine-tingling stanzas galore,
But he failed to refine one unfortunate line:
"Quoth the chicken," he wrote, "'Nevermore!'"

A man who wrote songs never had any hits
Got so ill that he died of lumbago,
He came pretty close with the last thing he wrote;
"I Left My Heart In San Diego!"

Some folks make it big while some others do not
So at losers we never should hiss,
For what's more pathetic than he who aims high
But whose failure's due to a near miss?



At the rate the motion picture industry is grinding them out, it won't be long before they run out of monsters. Rats, vampires, giant bugs, corpses, Golden Age dragons—these have all been used. New-type monstrosities are needed or monster movies will become extinct. And so, SICK has come up with the following suggestions for . . .



THE CREEPING MARSHMALLOWS

Two dozen marshmallows in a supermarket mysteriously start to expand, breaking through their box and creating havoc. Shoppers get caught and are unable to unstuck themselves. They continue to expand—absorbing hundreds of boxes of detergents, thousands of cans of Campbell's Soup, the entire dairy and meat counters, and a gigantic roll of toilet paper. The National Guard is called up, but they too get stuck in the marshmallows. Finally, in desperation, the government calls on the Boy Scouts of America. They frighten the marshmallows by threatening to build a huge campfire. The marshmallows panic and drop the detergents, the soup cans, the dairy and meat counters, the toilet paper—shrink, and get back into their box as the world returns to normal.

NEW ID MOVE IN



THE JADE MAGAZINE

A magazine goes power-crazy and starts devouring every other magazine on the newsstands. Eventually there becomes only one publication: THE PLAYBOY COSMOPOLITAN READER'S DIGEST ESQUIRE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SICK.



THE FLYING TEACUPS

The world learns that flying saucers were only the first step in an invasion from outer space. Suddenly flying teacups appear throughout the sky, tipping their scorching contents. The world is soon inundated in Lipton tea and lemon peels.

EAS FOR MONSTERS



ASTROTURF VS. GRASS

War is declared between astroturf and natural grass over possession of ball park sites. The war quickly spreads into a worldwide conflict as the grass is joined in the struggle by weeds and fertilizer. Astroturf allies include Nylon Carpeting and Linoleum. After a devastating war in which the world is left pitted with bald spots and potholes, grass is forced to surrender unconditionally. With linoleum now reaching from N.Y. to L.A., it is now possible to walk across the country in bare feet.



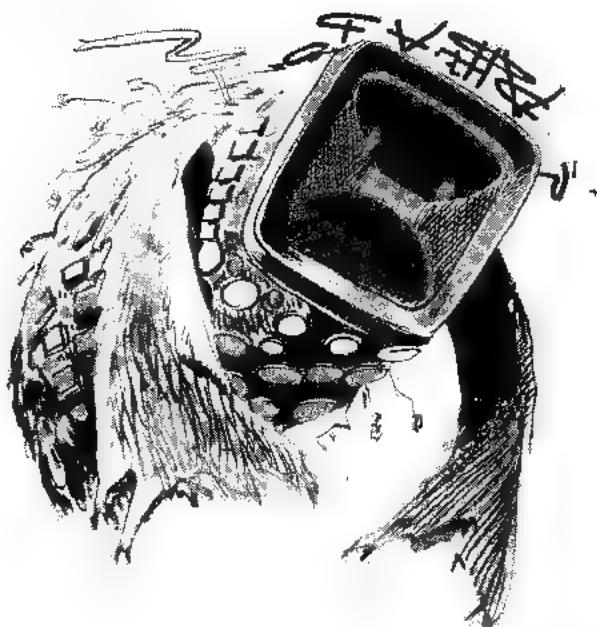
THE GIANT BUTTERFLIES

A new species of gigantic butterflies suddenly appear on Madison Avenue, waving huge nets. They capture advertising executives, pin them, and then exhibit them under glass. All over the world people cheer.

Script by BOB HEIT
Art by JACK SPARLING

THE MONSTER TV

An unpredicted eclipse of the Sun takes place. Only it isn't the moon coming between Earth and the Sun, but a gigantic TV screen that is showing nothing but commercials. The population begins to go insane. A group of courageous astronauts volunteer to take a space ship out to the TV set and try to turn it off. They can't however, because the ON-OFF switch is broken, but they manage to switch channels to Educational TV—thereby saving the world from insanity, but putting everybody to sleep.



MORE MOVIE MONSTER MAYHEM



THE MOUTHA MITCHELL

This is a terrifying female monster who keeps sounding off. Authorities attempt to shut it up with adhesive tape, Elmer's Glue-All, cement, and stuffing her mouth with peanut brittle. She is finally locked in a telephone booth and dropped in the middle of the Pacific. Suddenly every phone in America rings at the same time. Guess who?

THE DEADLY ECOLOCIDE

A spray is invented which is harmless to everyone except ecologists. With the death of all ecologists the ecological balance of the world is destroyed and the Earth is forever buried in beer cans.

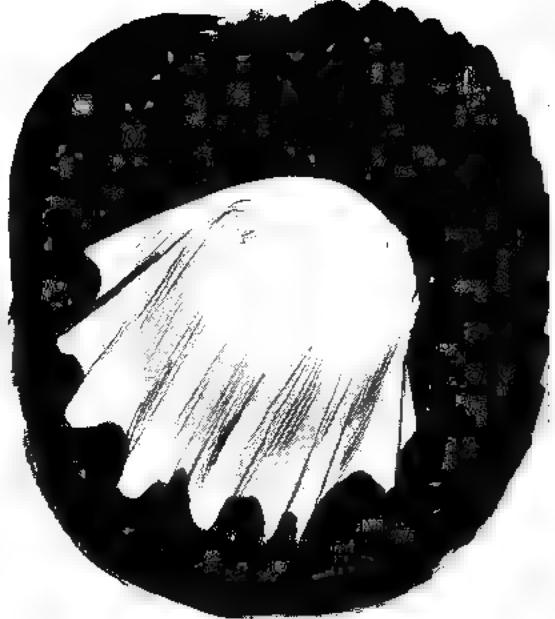
CAFFEIN

"THE MIDNIGHT WRECKER"



THE SOARING PIZZA

A mad scientist attaches an outboard motor to a large pizza and it spins out of the Pizzeria—splattering cheese, tomatoes, and garlic sauce all over the streets. It is finally shot down by the Italian Air Force.



THE MEEK INHERITORS

A secret organization of meek men decide to inherit the earth. Little by little they quietly take over flower shops, dry cleaning stores, Chinese restaurants and delicatessens, until the Establishment is brought to its knees. The world is saved however, because when the meek inherit the earth—they're too timid to do anything with it.

THE FREAKY FROGS

A witch puts a curse on Congress, changing the entire Senate and House of Representatives to frogs. Only a kiss from a voter can break the spell and turn them back to Congressmen. No voter is willing to do this however, and for the first time in U.S. history, corruption in government is eradicated.

THE DIGGER

A tremendous shovel appears from outer space and descends to Earth, digging up entire continents in its path.

Just as it looks as if civilization is about to draw to a dirty close, a giant sign appears in the sky:

"DIG WE MUST, BUT WE'LL CLEAN UP LATER AND MOVE ON!"

THE WEIRD SLIPCOVER

A mad upholsterer creates a formula for a liquid which, when poured on slipcovers, causes them to expand to unbelievable size. He tests his discovery on a couch cover which quickly encases an entire Macy's department store. It continues to expand until the whole earth is encased. The dust problem is cured forever.

THE CRAWLING SNAILS

A group of angry snails decide to conquer the Earth. Scientists estimate that at the rate they're going, it will take them 9,362,683,092,867,901,206,309, 213,908,735,243 years.

TIRED BLOOD

"THE IRON DEFICIENT"



DANDRUFF "THE FLAKY FIEND"



THE SICK COMPUTER

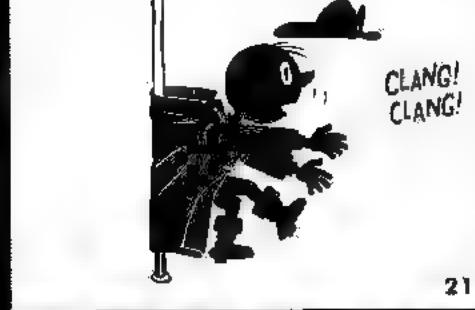
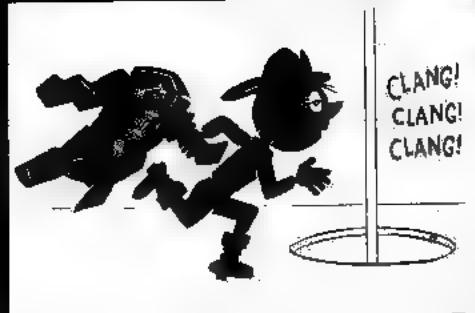
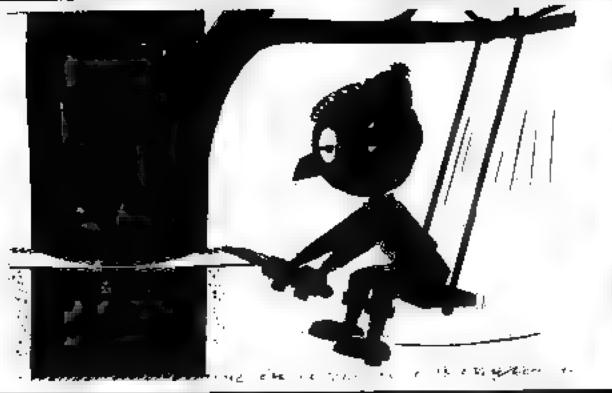
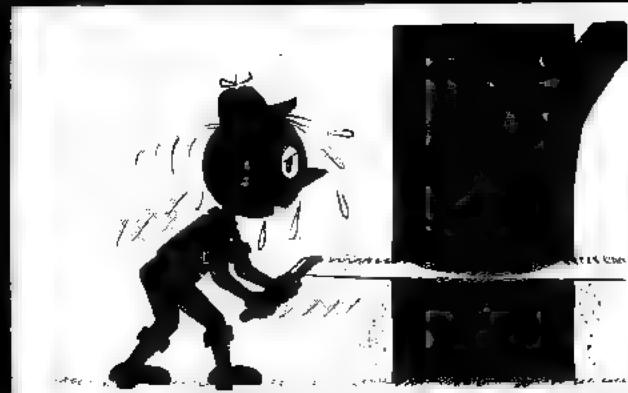
A practical joker feeds LSD to an innocent computer. The computer immediately starts growing long hair, smoking pot, criticizing the Establishment, and marching in protest demonstrations. It is finally hacked to pieces by a group of hard-hats.

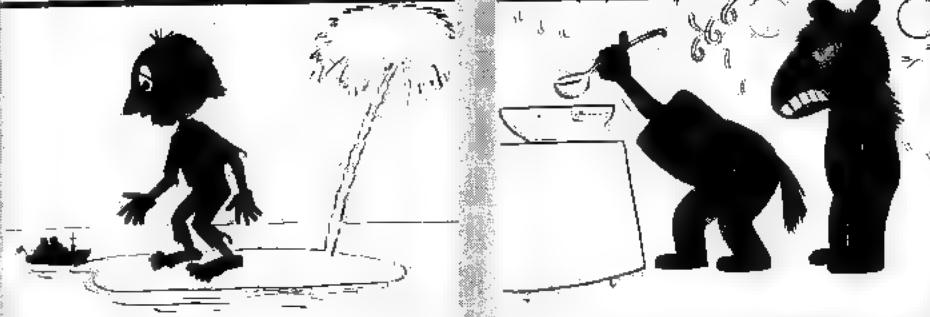
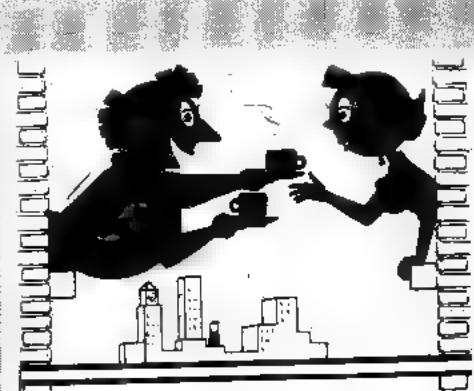
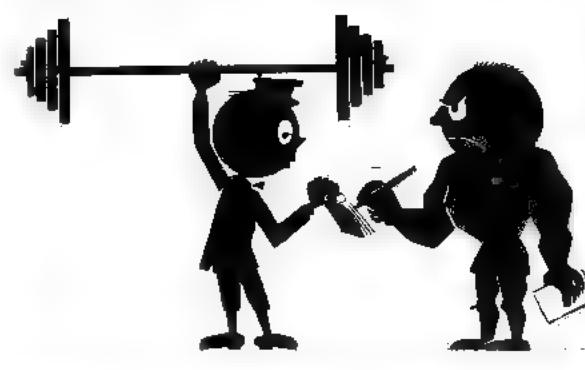
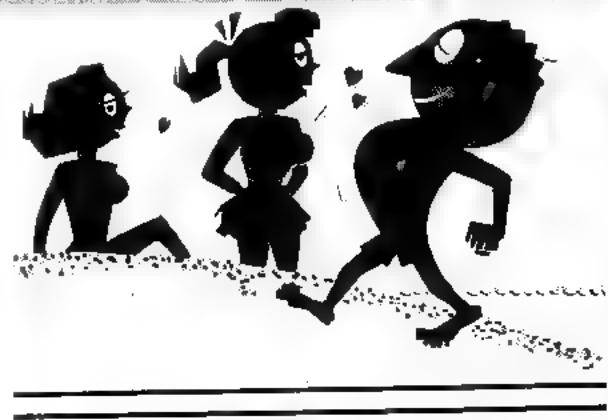
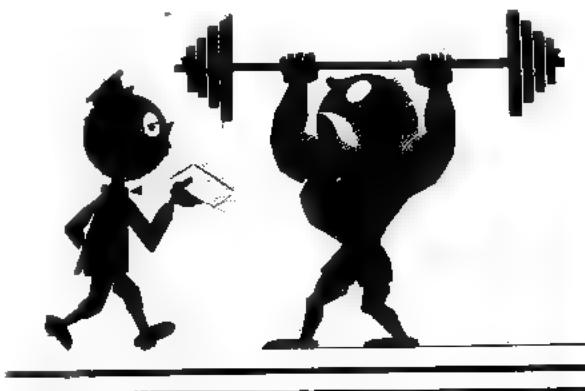
Doodling is a popular pastime for the nervous set, but what have you got when you've finished? Just a lot of doodles. Next time you're tempted to scratch those inane designs on your memo pads, why not try something like this? Instead of winding up with a bunch of doodles, you'll wind up with blackened hands and a bunch of—



Woody Kimball

Sillyettes

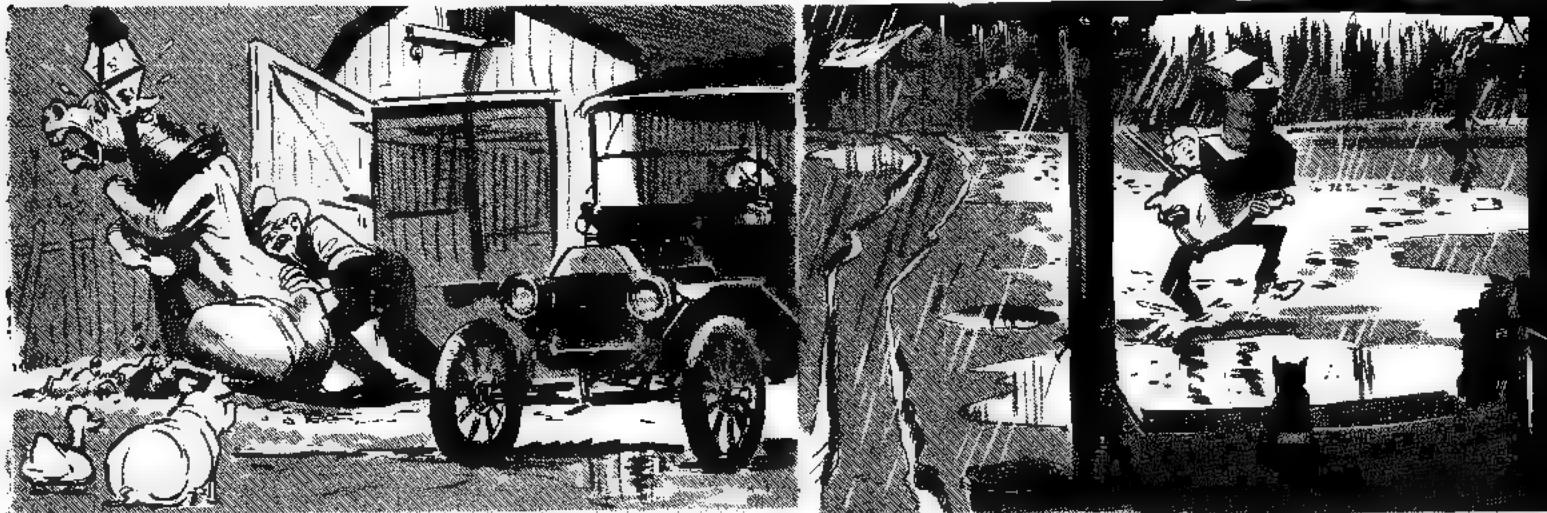






Where do we Park THE WHEELS?

EVOLUTION OF THE GARAGE



About sixty years ago, the horseless carriage drove the horse out of his barn, which thereupon became a garage. The origin of the word "garage" is French, dating back to the time of the Tudors. Surely, you've heard of a Tudor Garage.

Tradition kept the original garage at the back of the lot where the barn had been. Entry was from a narrow alley or back street, and quite properly anyone entering the house from the garage used the back door. This was a long walk, rain or shine, often with heavy bundles.



Because of this hazard in bad weather, someone suggested building a tunnel from the garage to the house. Still someone else suggested building the garage next to the house. Then, the first person asked, "If we do that, what do we do with the tunnel?" That's why, in some old homes today, the garage is next to the house and they have a tunnel leading to their backyard.

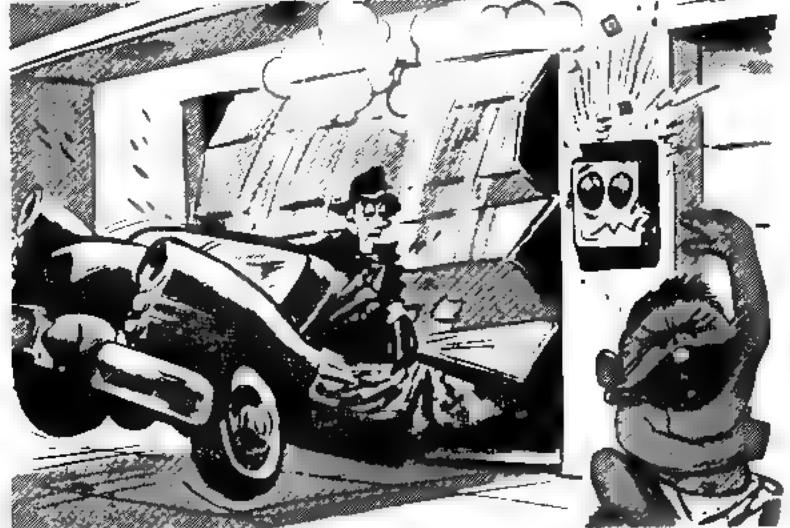
Not much changed in garage design until after World War II, when the automobile renaissance made cars grow longer and wider, sprout fins and bustles. This caught the building boom with thousands of new houses with attached standard-size garages, too small for the cars. Happy then the man with a separate garage, who could tailor it to his vehicle.

The new big-car rage spread. A big car was a prestige factor and the garages simply weren't big enough to hold them, forcing one financier to park his Ford in his Cadillac. This period also brought a new car on the market—the Edsel. A lot of people, today, still think the Edsel could be a success—but not as a car.

The second round of post-war housing projects produced a garage that could cover all of the flashy new car, and leave some room for the lawnmower. And then, folks found they needed a second car, a small one. Every family needed one big, bulky car for the boss of the house and a small, compact car (usually a low-priced model) for her husband. Where the doghouse was inadequate, concrete pads mushroomed beside the driveway, and lean-to's against the garage closed the gap temporarily.



So the garages grew. Soon they were featured in the real estate advertisements and pretty soon the model house was more garage than house. The builder never knew when a customer might come along with a two-big-car family rather than a one-big-car-one-small-car family. So two small doors were expanded to one large door, which made it easy to drive the car in, even though it took muscles to raise the door.



Contractors solved this problem by installing an electric eye in the driveway. When the occupant drove into the driveway, the electric eye opened the garage doors... when he drove out, the eye closed the doors. One suburban homeowner backed out of his driveway, confused the magic electric eye, which closed his doors and he could never get them open again. He had to sell the house. The new owner now gets into his garage through the kitchen.

THE GARAGE TODAY

And now, in the outer suburbs, the garage has come full circle, returning symbolically to its origins. This home embraces man, two machines, lawnmowers, garden tools and one small beast in an all-encompassing unit of modern shelter. But how about compact, sports and foreign cars? The foreign cars have flooded the American market—the German Volkswagen, the French Renault, the British Royles. Now, there is a new car from India called the Nehru. You put it in neutral and it stays there. These miniatures have left wide open spaces in the huge American parking area which are currently being remodeled into playrooms, dens or separate quarters for mother-in-law, leaving us just





THE GARAGE OF TOMORROW

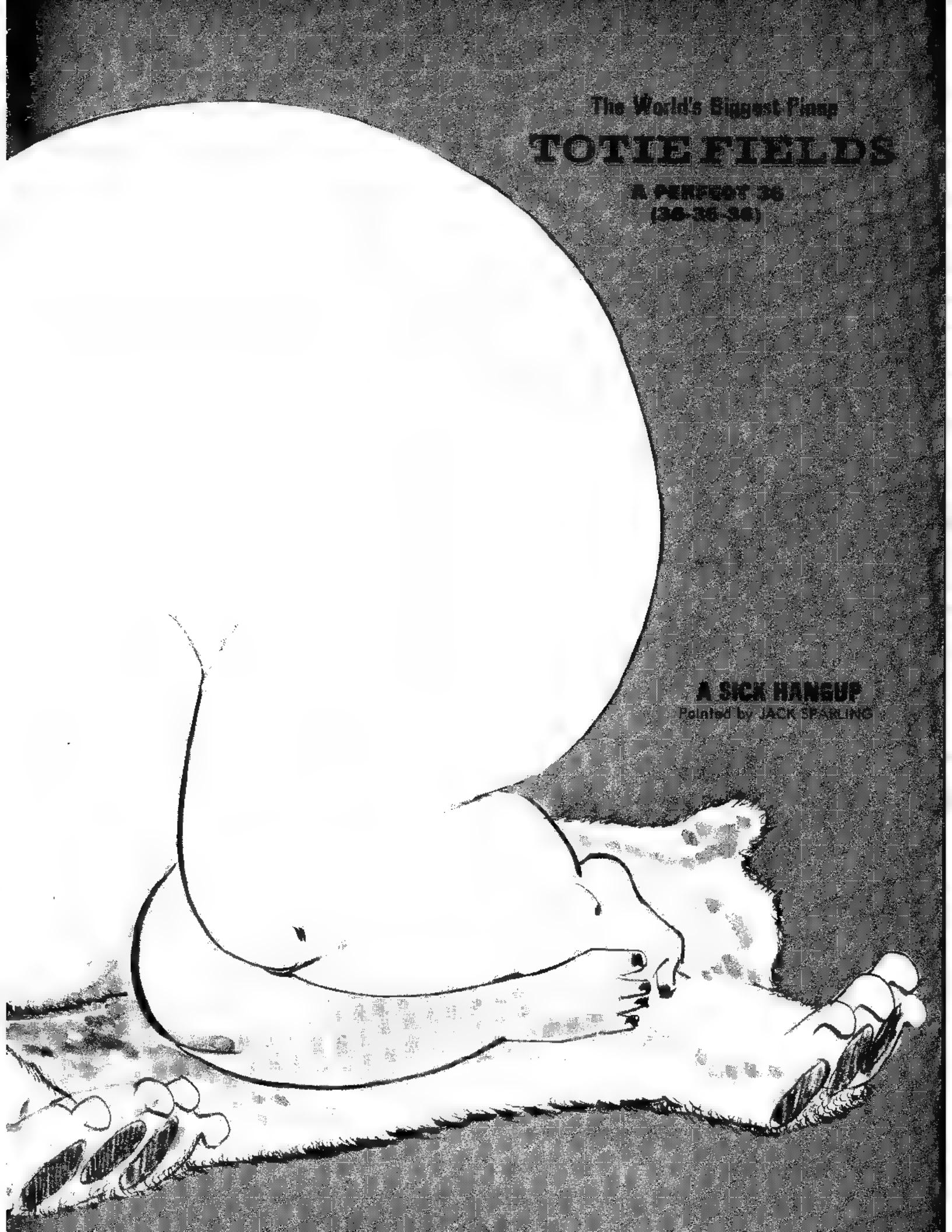
What will the garage of the future be like? Only time will tell, and we'll never know because we read Newsweek. It could be several tiers high and have runways and a heliport on top. You know they laughed

at Fulton's steamboat, but he didn't hear their laughs. He couldn't hear them, the damn steamboat was making so much noise.

PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*"The Bigger They
Are, The Nicer
They Are"*





The World's Biggest Pinup

TOTIE FIELDS

APRIL 20 '36
(36-36-36)

A SICK HANGUP

Painted by JACK SPARLING

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

ADAM (after God presented him with Eve). "What is this—a rib?"

Health, Education & Warfare

SICK SICK

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

Of course Nixon's bringing the prisoners home. He's brought two home already—Bobby Baker and Jimmy Hoffa!



Ogden, Utah: When the most popular girl in town found herself in a "family way," 25 guys applied for "no fault" insurance.

United Nations: A local delegate went into a Chinese restaurant and asked for Win Van Duck, Pin Wock Dun and Lok Tu Mun—only to discover he ordered the ambassadors of North Vietnam and Cambodia!

Annapolis: Scandal at the Academy! A naval officer is suing for divorce. He became a "Frogman"—and his wife ate his legs!

Gary, Indiana: A noted self-made

man hereabouts admits to being ugly as a baby. So much so that when his parents left him on a doorstep they were arrested—not for abandonment but for littering!

Buffalo, N.Y.: Punishment Fits The Crime Department: A local psychiatrist killed his wife—and was sentenced to the electric couch!

Kansas City: A politician here kept claiming all through his campaign that he was a man of convictions. Now the voters have learned he served time for every one of them.

Beautiful Downtown Burbank: That's show biz? A theatrical agent went along on his client's honeymoon—he insisted on ten percent of everything!

Fort Dix: A drill sergeant became suspicious of what a private did in civilian life. It seems that every time he fired his rifle—he'd wipe off his fingerprints.

Leeds, England: In this automobile oriented town, word is that they're coming out with a new aristocratic British sports car. Instead of a windshield it has a monocle!

Tennessee: A fellow at a party was bragging that he was the key man of a large corporation. Turns out that everytime his boss goes to the bathroom, he hands him the key.

Los Angeles: Exclusive! Mama Cass has just bought a waterbed. She had it filled with Lake Erie!

Palm Beach: A Hollywood star

married a girl who was so ugly, he refused to kiss the bride—he had his "stand-in" do it.

Nome, Alaska: Americans from the mainland are finding it hard to adjust to the sub-zero weather here. In fact, one of them advertised in a local paper for a "man with a high fever" to be his roommate.

Cincinnati: A young author was thrilled when told that his first novel was a book-of-the-month selection—until he found out that his publisher only sold one book a month.

South Dakota: From a bachelors' manual—how to tell if a girl is unpopular: If you visit her at Christmas time—and her mistletoe has cobwebs.

Georgia: A door-to-door salesman was found beaten to a pulp. Rumor has it he tried to sell Lester Maddox a colored TV set.

Las Vegas: This is the name of the game: A comedian who used to do two shows a night died recently and was buried at 9:00—and then again at 12:00.

New York City: Did justice triumph? A woman driver hit a pedestrian twelve feet into the air. And the cops arrested him for leaving the scene of the accident!

Los Alamos: Help-Wanted Ad: Man to work on Nuclear Fissionable Isotope Molecular Reactor Counters and Three-Phase Cyclo-tronic Uranium Photosynthesizers—no experience necessary.

Philadelphia: A lecturer at a business success course told a group of youthful executives: "Ability

World



PHILOSOPHY OF THE MONTH

Why worry about nuclear attack? If an H-Bomb has your name on it, it'll find you wherever you are!

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE

is what will get you to the top—if the boss has no daughter."

Amalgamated Press: Reports have it that a noted gang chief was so hated, that when he died they had to place him in a bullet-proof coffin.

Palm Springs: Said a catty woman at her elderly friend's birthday party: "At her age, the candles cost more than the cake."

Atlantic City: Attributed to one of the broads along the boardwalk is this definition of a raving beauty: "The girl who came out last in a beauty contest."

Nassau: They say that Howard Hughes received his check back from a bank marked: "Insufficient Funds—ours, not yours!"



Sun Valley: To ski or not to ski? Barbra Streisand left this town wearing her nostrils in splints. Seems that some kids thought her nose was the beginner's slope!

Hollywood: They say the greatest acting in tinsel town is done at Oscar time—when the losers congratulate the Academy Award winners.

Park Avenue: Shades of "Dear Abby!" A young girl wrote to Za Za Gabor asking advice about breaking up with her fiancee. And Za Za stated: "When a girl breaks her engagement, she should definitely return the ring. It's o.k., however, to keep the stone!"

Big Sur: A famous painter told a lady interviewer: "I see feminine beauty in everything I paint. To me a chair is a woman, an umbrella is a woman, a hat rack is a woman." To which the reporter replied: "Man, you must go out on some really weird dates!"

Greenwich Village: An up-and-coming young actor known to be madly in love with himself, asked an actress in the cast: "Don't you think I'm dark and handsome?" And she replied: "Yes, when it's dark—you're handsome."

P.U. Wire Service: Politicians who lost in recent elections are now reportedly heading for Mexico—where they heard there's a shortage of bull-throwers.

Boston: A chap went up to the desk sergeant in a police station and stated: "Remember when I came here yesterday and asked you to find my wife who disappeared? Well, don't bother!" Said the Sergeant: "Oh, has she returned?" The chap's reply: "No, I just thought it over!"



Chicago: FLASH! Reports here have it that St. Jude Hospital has just found a cure for Danny Thomas!

The Bronx: Talk about your tough schools. In one local institution the school newspaper has an obituary column. One parent sent in the following note: "Please excuse my son Johnny for the next twenty years..."

Dallas: How Rich Is Rich? A local oil man is so wealthy it's reported that he has Swiss money in American banks! Fact is, he just bought a boy for his dog.

Kalamazoo: From this city comes a definition of an etymologist: "Somebody who knows the difference between an etymologist and an entomologist."

ATTENTION READERS:

Winners of the last
SICK CONTEST

"Envelope Scribblings" will be
announced in the next issue

Want to amaze your friends? Be the laff of the party? Mainly, learn magic? Why, with just a little practice, anyone, EVEN YOU, can become a great magician! All you gotta do is learn these...

MAGIC TRI

BEWARE of getting a hangnail when you have the seven-year itch.



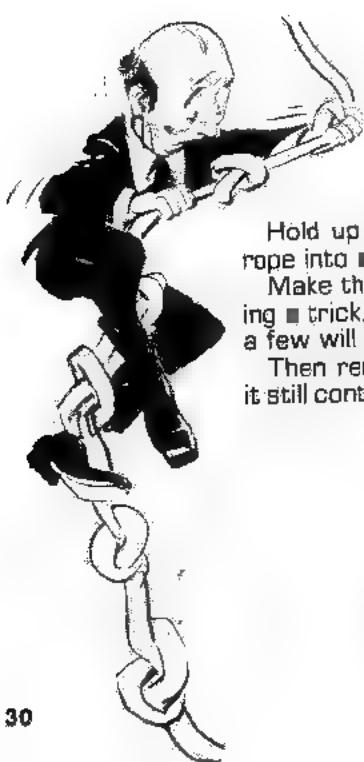
THE VENTRILOQUIST TRICK

Arrive at a party with a dummy in your arms.

Then amaze everyone by showing what a great ventriloquist you are. As the dummy sits on your lap talking—you eat crackers, sing, whistle, and what-having you. And you'll find that you can have anything you want—so delighted will the audience be. Only wait until you leave before you pay the midget off!

THE NUMBER TRICK

Ask a friend (or better yet, an enemy) to think of any number from 1 to 100. Tell him to add 183, divide by 7, multiply by 98, subtract 17, and add 15,702. By now he will ask for a pencil and paper. Give him a large pad and crayon, then tell him to continue, by dividing by 631, adding 8,906, multiplying by 68,904, and subtracting 687,093. Then ask, "What was your original number?" Whatever they reply, you say, "I thought so!" Then run.



THE ROPE TRICK

Hold up a rope and tie three knots in it. Then place the rope into a hat.

Make them guess how many knots are in the rope. Sensing a trick, some will guess two, others will guess four, and a few will guess none.

Then remove the rope from the hat and show them that it still contains three knots.



THE EGG TRICK

Place four eggs into the pocket of a friend. Ask him to guess how many eggs are now in his pocket.

"Four," he'll say.

Right!" you yell, as you congratulate him by patting him hard on that pocket.

Then, as quickly as possible, leave.

ICKS ANYONE CAN DO

as conceived by
BOB HEIT

and executed by
JACK SPARLING



THE HANDKERCHIEF TRICK

Take an ordinary handkerchief and crush it carefully into your pocket.

Then place it upon a table with a flat surface, and smooth it out. Then fold it carefully in half, then in quarters.

Finally, you crush it again and put it back in your pocket. Then ask somebody, "Guess what's in my pocket?" The reply will invariably be "A handkerchief!"

"NO!" you scream, as you reach into your OTHER pocket—pulling out a boy scout knife, a package of gum, three pennies, and a half-eaten dog biscuit.

Before your friend can open his mouth to complain, you say, "I didn't say WHICH pocket!"

Then duck.



Cut open a watermelon and count the number of seeds in it. Then carefully glue it back together.

Wait for company, and then announce that you can guess the exact amount of seeds in the watermelon they are about to eat.

Even if you have not counted correctly, at least you will enjoy the expression of those who bite into the glue!

BEWARE of getting in your living room in front of a roaring fire, especially if you don't have a fireplace.

THE PAPER TRICK

Take an ordinary sheet of paper.

Carefully fold it in half.

Fold the result in half once more.

Fold THAT in half once again.

Now carefully unfold the paper and spread it upon a table.

If you have done the trick correctly you will see before you a piece of paper with a lot of creases in it!

THE MIND-READING TRICK

Bet a friend that you can actually read his mind. Thereupon, as soon as he says, "It's a bet!" you say, "You're thinking that you're going to win a quarter!" Then hold your hand out. Mainly to defend yourself!

THE OLIVE TRICK

Announce to everybody that you have a way of getting olives out of a bottle without using a fork or any other type of utensil.

Then stand back and carefully hurl the bottle of olives out the window; only take care they don't send you flying out with it!

THE WEIGHT TRICK

Bet a friend that he can't guess your weight within 20 pounds.

Then get on a scale and show him that you weigh 30 pounds more than he thought.

After he leaves, muttering to himself, you get the lead out of your pants!

RODNEY DANGERFIELD



This month SICK salutes Rodney Dangerfield, considered by many to be the funniest monologist working today. He just don't get no respect. Which is what we won't be getting either, after you read these gags and see how much funnier his stuff is than ours...

"I Don't Get No Respect!"

As soon as I got married I knew I was in trouble—my in-laws sent me a Thank-You note!

Most guys wanna go out with girls who are fast, with girls who swing. Not me. I wanna go out with good girls—a girl who's never played around. I figure she's due!

Where I live you're afraid to leave your apartment. I mean, I live in a neighborhood, when I plan my budget I allow for holdup money! When I took the apartment the ad in the paper said: "Short run to Subway."

After people give me directions, I'm lost all over again. They tell me, "Go to the sixth light. Make a right turn." As soon as I pull away, I'm in trouble. (As soon as I pull away, I should count the first light!)

My kid's public school is the only one I know where the school newspaper has an obituary column. I went to see the guidance counselor. They told me he was out: "He'll be back in one to three years."

When I was a kid I was poor. One time on my birthday, my old man—he showed me a picture of a cake!

I feel sorry for short people. I mean, when it rains, they're the last ones to know!

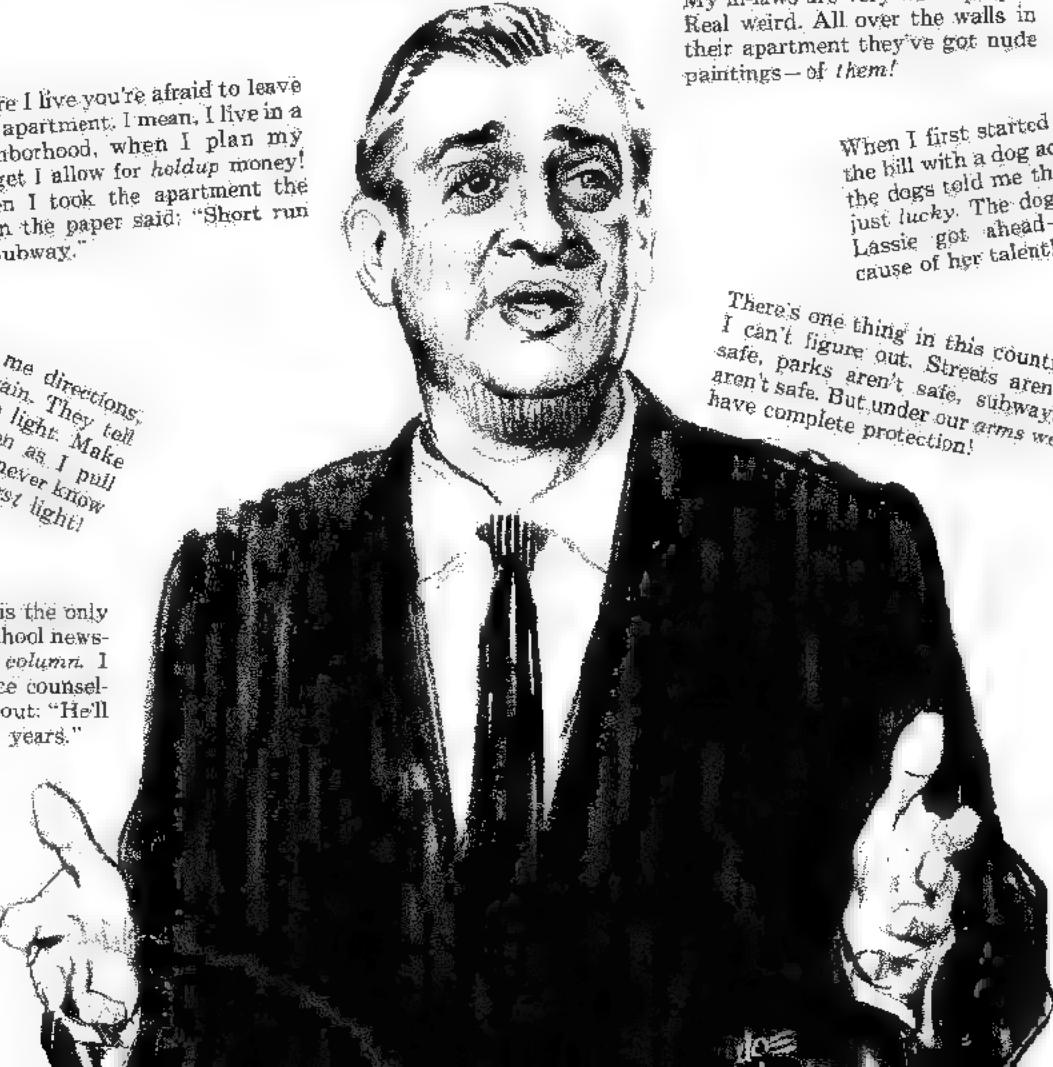
Today everything is: Lose weight! Look thin! I found there's only one way to look thin: you hang around with fat people!

When I was a kid I had a Chinese school teacher. Every day she gave me homework—to take out!

My in-laws are very weird people. Real weird. All over the walls in their apartment they've got nude paintings—of them!

When I first started out I was on the hill with a dog act. And one of the dogs told me that Lassie was just lucky. The dog told me that Lassie got ahead—but not because of her talent!

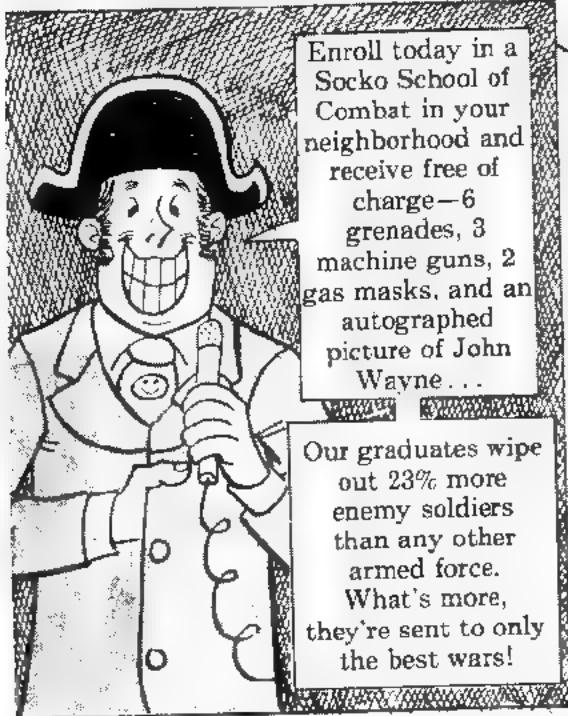
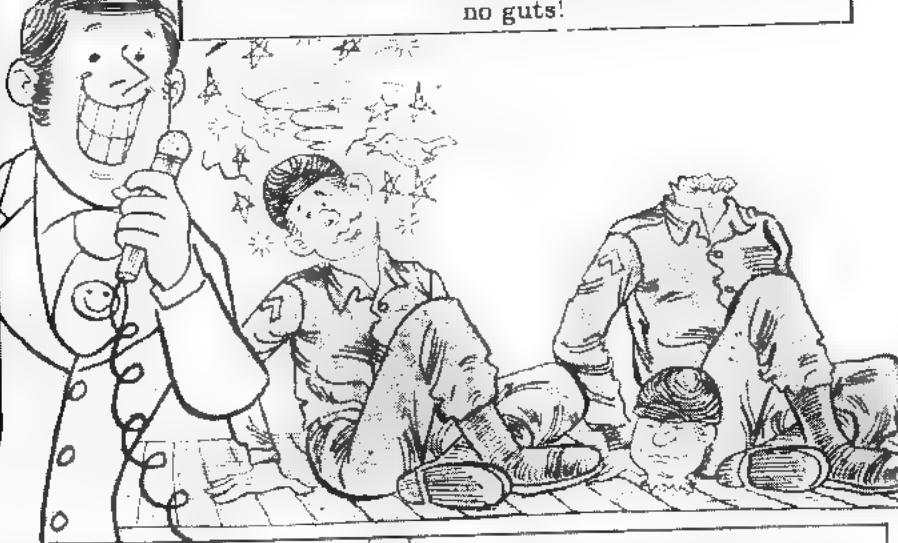
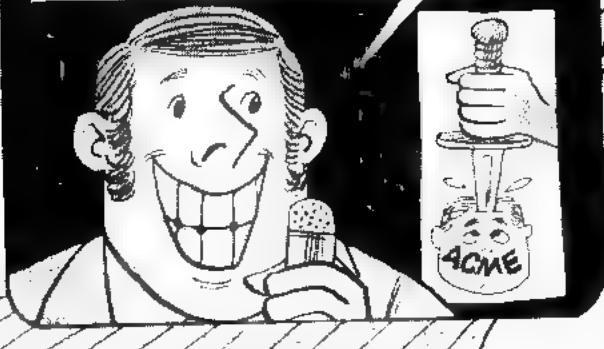
There's one thing in this country I can't figure out. Streets aren't safe, parks aren't safe, subways aren't safe. But under our arms we have complete protection!



But before we blow up this country, here's a friendly message from the Socko School of Combat. Friends, are you killing your share of the enemy?

If not, you should enroll in this no-holds-barred combat school—the only school with a muscle-back guarantee . . .

Here we see a demonstration by two students who have only been studying a short time. One is already half-conscious while the other is completely out of it. And they did it with a physical handicap—no guts!



Our graduates wipe out 23% more enemy soldiers than any other armed force. What's more, they're sent to only the best wars!

Folks, I'm chatting here with General Wright Flank-March. Tell me, General—how's the war with Greenland going?

Greenland? Omigosh! I thought we were invading Iceland! No wonder we haven't seen the enemy in 18 months!



There it is, folks—a live action shot of another peaceful foreign country being blown to smithereens! Have you ever seen a more beautiful sight? We'll be back in a minute for a thrilling closeup of the victims, but first a message from another fine sponsor . . .



BEWARE of cars coming at you on a one-lane highway

Hi, I'm Honest Hank the Used Tank Man! If you're in a market for a tank that'll really mop 'em up in all kinds of weather, come in and see me today. My tanks come with a 20-war guarantee. Look at me—would I kid you?



And now—as a special feature on WIDE WIDE WAR, we've set up a special camera to film the invasion of Cuba—right before your very eyes!

For the first time on TV you will see the actual start of a new war. Take it away, Leo...

Excuse me, Sir, we seem to be lost. Could you show us the way to Cuba? We're American soldiers!

Go straight to Bay of Pigs!

Sorry, folks—(heh-heh) just a little mixup. Don't worry, we'll invade someone else—there are lots of islands out there!

Thar she blows, folks—tons upon tons of red roses bombarded down upon enemy troops by peace-loving hippies from the caves of Canada!

Only (heh-heh) these roses thrown by the ton will smother the enemy, so that our regular troops can move in! It's all part of show-biz, folks!

Only now it's time for another new feature—our Conscientious Objector segment. Mainly, our boys in Canada who are about to drop down roses on the enemy...



So please write in and tell us which nation, city or hamlet you want to see get theirs. Remember, there's no place too big or too small for us to wipe out. Just print the name on a postcard and mail it to WIDE WIDE WAR. In case of a tie, we'll bomb both places!

BEWARE of getting diarrhea and a broken leg at the same time



That's about it for now, folks. Next week we have a special treat. We've booked two families of the Mafia to come down here and stop the war in Vietnam. And should they fail, don't worry. We have Mayor Daley and his Chicago police warming up in the wings!

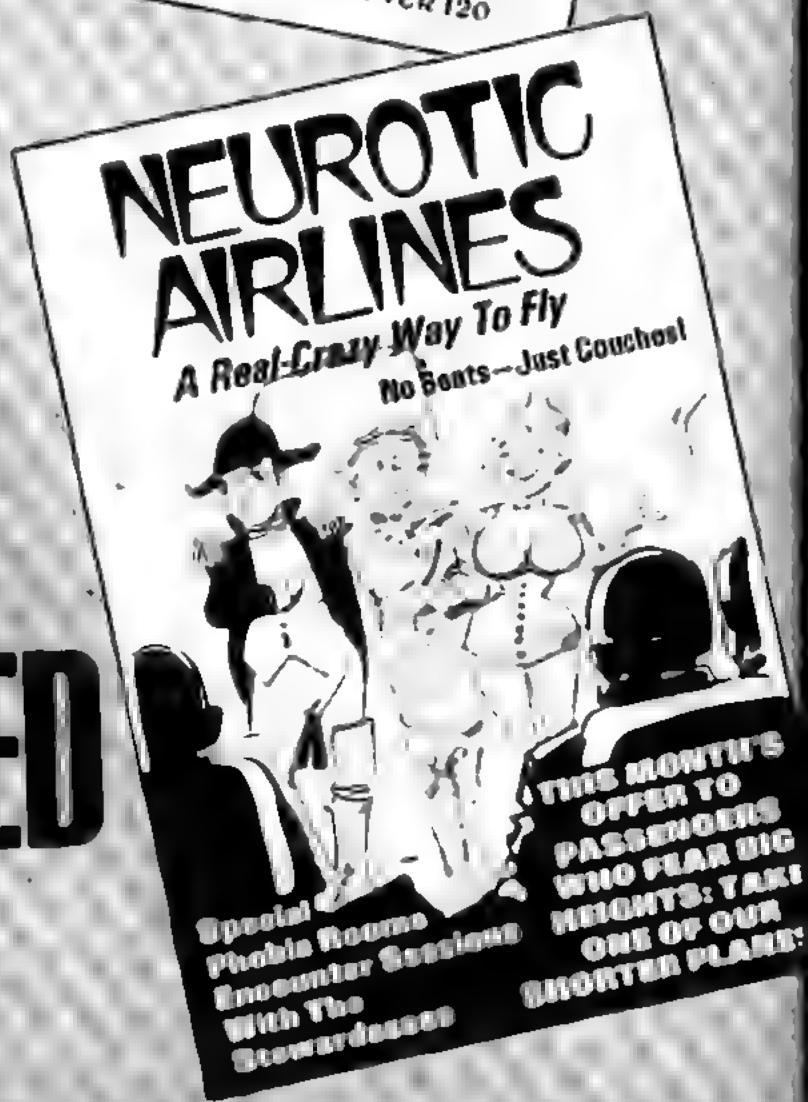
And next month we're bringing you a special program—World War Three! This will be entitled "The Shortest Day"...

Specialty Airlines, for pleasure flights, only now can you go abroad

Competition between airlines has gotten so great lately that they've all been coming up with gimmicks to more bewildered passengers. At the rate things are going, we may soon find the airlines specializing in different segments of society like for example, this may happen...

WHEN AIRLINES BECOME OVER-SPECIALIZED

as visualized by BOB HEIT
and materialized by JACK SPARLING



TEENAGE AIRLINES

The Rock 'N' Roll Jet-Setter



Dancing To 3 Rock Groups In Our Psychedelic Lounge
Turned-Off Motors • Turned-On Stewardesses
Free Pot • Free Booze • Free Barrels
EVERYONE ABOARD IS BOMBED

POLITICAL AIRLINES

Representing Both Wings Of The Party

Left Wing Section for Democrats

Right Wing Section for Republicans

Ne Wing Section for Anarchists



FAMILY AIRLINES

The Only G-Rated Skyliner



Featuring a Complete
Playground for the Kiddies,
a Beauty Parlor for Mom
and a Massage Parlor for Dad!

REMEMBER!
THE FAMILY THAT FLIES
TOGETHER DIES TOGETHER!

SHOW BIZ AIRLINES

The Airlines Of The Stars
Randy Lambard, Carol Burnett, Mike Douglas,...



SHOWBIZ AIRLINE
10 MOUTHS
TO CLOUDS
FROM 5 STAGE
5 MONTHS, A 3-RING
CIRCUS, (AND
A PAPRIDGE IN
A PEAR TREE)

Don't Call Me — We'll Call You

PVT. BO REARGARD



FINDS LOVE NEVER ENDING



A SICK HAIRY TALE



Once upon a time there was a nice young man and he went on a nice long ocean voyage. When he was two days out to sea something terrible happened. The boat was capsized and sunk! All the passengers were drowned except our nice young man, who clung to a life raft. He drifted for days and days. Until one day he came upon a small and lonely island. It was a lovely lonely island, and it had plenty of food and trees and sunshine. Our nice young man soon built himself a hut and settled down to a life of contentment. One thing was missing though—a nice young woman whom he could share his paradise with. And so our nice young man prayed for a woman to join him on the island. Then one day a strange thing happened. Another boat sank and another person was cast ashore. And lo and behold, it was another nice young man, just like our nice young man. And our nice young man was very happy to see him, and soon his life was complete and he settled down to heavenly bliss. Now, you may ask as we told you at the beginning—this was a fairy tale!

ODE TO TARZAN

Mighty Tarzan reigns supreme
Till he meets Jane his tree house Queen.
Tarz he tears no jungle till
Makes pants pygmy, not like that.
Tarz can beat a bear in two
Then rip him open for a stew.
Tarz can roar like a gorilla.
Bust up any jungle like.
He can take maeacoras
With out a minimum of fuss.
Mingo, wolf or bear jacked
Tarz for? care he go and tackle
Once he fought an elephant.
Slapped an lion like he was out.
There is no one Tarz can't beat.
Now legged creatures are his meat.
But alas, there's one big catch—
Tarzan he has met his match.
Should he once get out of him—
Like Jane would treat his son!



SICK'S MODERN DAY

SONG BOOK

I'M JUST WILD ABOUT
HARRY

(But Harry's Wild About Bruce)

I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN
(Until I Find My Teeth)

WHEN YOUR LOVE WEARS
GOLDEN EARRINGS
(You Can Bet He's Strange)

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT
ALL OVER
(Since She Went And Burned
Her Bra)

THE SHADES OF NIGHT
WERE FALLING FAST
(But I Got A Good Look Anyway)

I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY
(Because He Had An Ace In The Hole)

LET A SMILE BE YOUR
UMBRELLA
(And You'll Get A Mouthful
Of Rain)

THE SHADOW OF YOUR
SMILE
(Means Cavities)

DRINK TO ME ONLY
WITH THINE EYES
(But Keep Thy Hands
Above The Table)

I WANT A GIRL JUST
LIKE THE GIRL
(That Married Richard Burton)

MARCHING THRU GEORGIA
(A Wonderful Girl)

I CAN'T GET OVER A GIRL LIKE YOU
(Get Out Of Bed And Answer The Phone Yourself)

I'M DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES
('Cause The Girl In My Arms Is A Cop)

HOW YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM
(After They've Seen The Farm)

NOTHING COULD BE FINER THAN TO BE
IN CAROLINA IN THE MORNING
(Only Keep Out At Night, It's Hot As Heck)

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD AND I WERE THE ONLY BOY
(O.K., But Until Then, Get Lost!)



*Songs to Sing at
Swing-A-Longs*

• DEEP IN THE HEART OF TAXES
(tune of: Deep In The Heart of Texas)

I sold my car
'Cause I'm too far
(oy-oy-oy-oy)
Deep in the heart of taxes.
My Uncle Sam
Is why I am
(oy-oy-oy-oy)
So deep in debt from taxes
Can't pay the rent
Not on a cent
(oy-oy-oy-oy)
'Cause I owe income taxes,
Must quit my job
Live like a slob
To rid myself of taxes!

• PLASTER KEEPS FALLIN'
ON MY HEAD

(tune of: Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head)
Plaster keeps fallin' on my head,
So I called my landlord
And I told him, "This is KBO
Up here in 2B"
And I've been a waitin'
And I'm anticipatin'
That you'll come up
And pour yourself a drink,
And while you're there
You'll fix my leaky sink,
And stove that's on the blink,
'Cause my meat there keeps on cookin'
But it stays so bloody lookin'!

And one more thing, you'll find,
The point that's on the ceiling,
Started peeling
And fallen off—
When you come up, you're never leavin'

Plaster keeps fallin' on my head
So, dear Mr. Landlord,
Won't you hurry up here, please,
With no heat I'll freeze,
And for nine years I'm yellin',
And complaints been a-tellin'
Because, you see,
Nuthin' works in 2B!



• STRANGLERS IN THE NIGHT
(tune of: Strangers in the Night)

Stranglers in the night
I kept on screaming,
Stranglers in the night
I wasn't dreaming
Shadows on my shade
And I was home alone.

Noise from behind
Or were they noises merely in my mind?
A chill ran up and down my shaky spine
And there I was alone.

Fearful of the night
The city makes me
Fearful of the night
At home alone I just may do
of fright.

You see...
My husband's been away
For nearly half-a-day,
Oy-vey!
And sleeping with the lights
Left on the T.V.
So I won't die of fright,
You see, the city's a garden of delights
For stranglers in the night.

• STRIKING
(tune of: Maria from West Side Story)

Delivery—
The postmen say they won't deliver,
They're going out on strike
For one more hellish hike
In pay.

Street workers—
Next it'll be the street workers,
For a seven-hour day
They'll strike from March to May
This year.

Then the guys at the railway stations
Will walk out with no headlamps.

And then...
You know it will happen again.
They'll be followed by the cops
The Docs and then the Mates
You'll see.

Restraining—
They called for an order, restraining
But problems did arise
That no one did surmise,
You see,

All the judges that drew up the order
Started striking from boarder to boarder

And striking—
The country's shut down, cause it's
Striking!

• ACNE STORY
(tune of: Love Story)

How can I begin
To put an end to all this
Acne on my skin?
These big red blotches
That start forming from within?
Those tiny blackheads
That are clinging to my skin
How do I start?
The big one on my nose
Is like a basketball
At times I think, it grows,
I hate its color 'cause it
Cleches with my routine
Is there an export
That can make this acne go.
Ch. go away?

I've tried the pads
And every special cream,
Don't eat no cake
With chocolate in-between,
I've washed my face
With so much soap
That my skin's raw
My ovaries bubble up and they form,
I feel so humely
I scratch at my face
But they're still there!

How long must they last?
I thought with middle age
That acne would have passed,
But now I'm 55,
I really am aghast,
They're like a Humphrey spotish
Cause on and on they last
Yes, they're still there!

• DIALOGUE
(tune of: Cabaret)

Husband:

"Why sit there moaning
The kids fight and cry,
Why watch the gloomy news?
Let's find a film to see, dear wife,
One that will chase our blues."

Why should we sit here?
Alone in our home,
Outside there's mirth and wit.
Lock up a film to cheer us up,
Find us a happy flick.

Wife:

But in "Straw Dogs"
A girl gets mugged
And in old Kubrick's "Clockwork Orange"
Everyone is on a K.I.W.-Bingo
Nothing but violence
Is playing on film,
Where is the happy music?
Husband:
"Wait! Look! A way to keep us amused!"
There's a way to cheer all our blues!
I see a way to keep us amused!
Sprout's on the news!



• O.M. IS CALLING BACK MY AUTO

(tune of: Get Me To The Church On Time)

G.M. is calling back my auto,
Told me to bring it to the shop,
Asked them the reason,
It's recall season
And they found my motor'd stop.

Oh, I gotta leave it in the morning,
But they'll do a job that's super-fine,
How do I know this?
It's my second notice!
They love recalling cars of mine.

I owned a Chevy
In Sixty-Four.
While I was driving
Swish — fell off the door.
Oh, why sell a car that is defective?
Why don't they check them all about?
Cause they're put together
With Elmer's Glue and leather
And they pray Nader don't find out!

• THE ALIMONY SONG

(tune of: The Caisson Song)

With the kids and the phone
And with everything I own
She is leaving and moving along.

Gets the dog and the cat,
Gets a lot more than just that.
Cause we're getting a final divorce.

And it's pay! Pay! Pay!
Alimony all the way.
She gets the mine and
I, the shaft.

And a lesson you'd think
In my mind from this would sink,
But I'll marry again come next May!

• I JUST QUIT THE OLD HABIT

(tune of: Take Me Out To The Ball Game)

I just quit the old habit,
Lighting up cigarettes,
I don't need smoking to calm me down,
I feel healthier all the way round.
I can feel my sinuses clearing,
Gosh, I just took a breath!
And without cigs., I'm further 'way
From the door of death.

Just like millions of people
I can quit the old cig.
I don't need Winstons and Tareyton
I can climb stairs and not miss any fun
But, oh gee, it's getting much tougher,
Since I stopped it's real rough
For now one, two minutes have gone
And I want a puff!

• HIJACK CAPTAIN

(tune of: Hello Dolly)

This is a hijack, Captain,
Take this plane to Manhattan,
I have friends there that
I haven't seen in years,
I can't afford the airfare
But I'm sure you'll fly there,
'Cause my gun is pointed
Right directly at your ear.

And while we're flying down there,
Tell the stewardess 'round here
That I didn't get the seconds on my meal,
But, drive, down slow, Captain,
The movie's starting now, Captain,
And get me to Manhattan town.
I know that we were L.A. bound,
But I miss that polluted town,
You See!

• LOST MY JOB, JOINED THE MOB

(tune of Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue)

Lost my job, joined the mob,
Now I'm just a welfare slob,
A victim of the Re-cess-ion.

Food's sky-high, cannot buy,
Things so bad, you wanna die,
All victims of the Re-cess-ion.

Oh yes, and by the way,
Come what may,
Here's a good sign,
Don't despair, have no fear,
Nixon says the Economy's fine.

Got no dough, I'm so low,
Since the market dipped, you know,
We're victims of the Recess-...
Victims of the Recess-...
Victims of the Re-cess-ion!

• MY HOUSE IT WAS BUILT

ON A LANDFILL

(tune of: My Bonnie Lied Over The Ocean)

My house it was built on a landfill,
I bought it in late '63,
The top floor is now in the basement,
Oh, bring back my building to me.

Sinking, sinking,
The house is just sinking away, away,
Thinking, thinking,
Of where I am going to stay.
That I'd call a comical spoof,
Meanwhile the house did more sinking,
We now enter down through the roof.

Sinking, sinking,
The house is just sinking away, each day,
Thinking, thinking
'Cause soon I'll have nowhere to stay.

My neighborhood now has a problem,
A problem as tough as can be,
Our children must learn a new language,
We've all sunk to China, you see.

Sinking, sinking,
The house has just sunk all away, away,
To China, Red China,
We beat our dear Dick by a day.

• DADDY IS AN AD-MAN

(tune of: If I Were A Rich Man)

Daddy is an ad-man
Yes he is, oh yes my daddy,
yes, my daddy really is.
All day long he sits down with his pen
Writing 'bout the taste of Kent.

Daddy is an ad-man
Yes he is, oh yes I'm certain that
my daddy really is,
Telling how the U.S. would succumb,
If we had no Ex-Lax chewing gum.

He says there's
Toothpaste that will bring girties to yo'
Another that will calm the girties down
And one toothpaste that's
just to clean the hell.

He says there's
Sprays that'll keep your armpits
from dripping
Another that'll keep the smell away,
But most won't do a blessed thing at all.

Wanna be like daddy,
Wanna be, oh yes! really, really,
really wanna be.
Know that I can make it if I try,
Wanna be an ad-man till I die,
Cause, you see, I really love to lie!
Like the biggest Mad. — ad-man!

Some time ago we gave you ADULT LETTERS FROM CAMP. Those were from celebrities who attended camps for grown-ups. This time out,

Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm being expelled from camp. It seems that the camp instructors here have no appreciation for artistic expression. Last night they caught me at the girls' camp. I was only trying to pose one of them (she was about a size 10 1/2-11) in a proper photographic position. When I tried to explain, they said there was no excuse--especially since I didn't even have a camera!

Your playboy,
Hughie

P.S. Found two rabbits today. More to follow.

from HUGH HEFNER

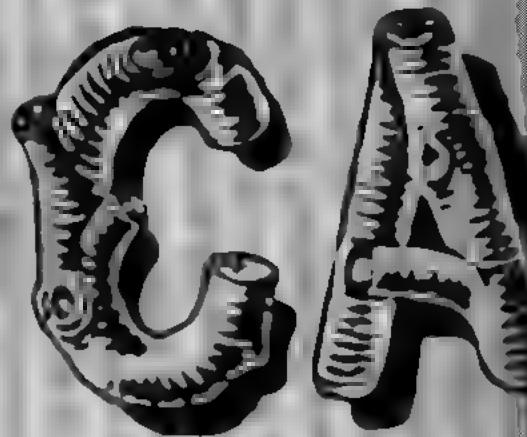
DEAR MOM AND CHAUVINIST DAD:
GUESS WHAT? THE GIRLS HERE HAVE ELECTED ME HEAD SPOKESWOMEN FOR MAKE THAT SPOKES-MAN! WE DECIDED WE WANT THE SAME RIGHTS AS THE BOYS HAVE ACROSS THE LAKES AND WHAT'S MORE, WE DEMAND TOY DOCTOR KITS AND COWBOY SUITS FOR CHRISTMAS, AND FOOTBALLS WITH SHOULDER PADS FOR OUR BIRTHDAYS. ALSO, TO BE ALLOWED TO JOIN THE LUB SCOUTS INSTEAD OF TAKING BALLET CLASS.

YOUR SOMETIMES
DAUGHTER,
MS. BETTY

P.S. I'M GROWING A MUSTACHE!

from BETTY FRIEDAN

Famous Kid



as uncovered by GUY THOMAS (cont)

Dear Ma and Pa,

I can't begin to thank you enough for opening up a whole new world for me, here at Camp the Hard in the Sahara Desert. Although I am the only boy here, or any boy living there for that matter, I am enjoying the sun. It really cleared up my sinus, but now I have a water retention problem. Dad was right - the sand from New York to Africa was educational. And it was nice of you to remember me on my birthday--but why a late arrival?

Your loser,

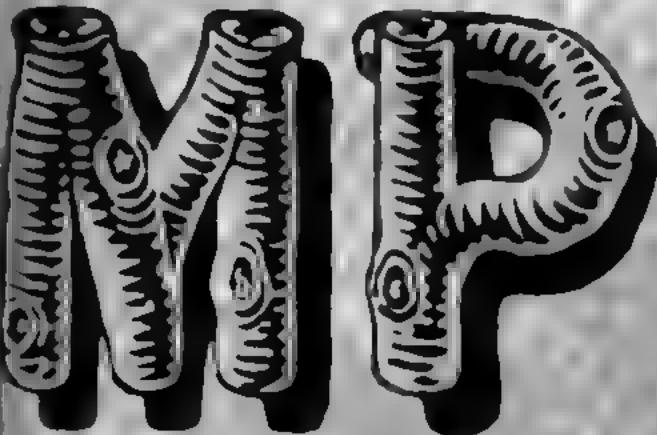
Jeanie

P.S. I really do enjoy camp--but don't you think eight years is stretching things?

from JACKIE VERNON

we present letters from celebrities when they were kids attending these camps. Which is why we call them...

Letters From MP



Famous Kid Letters To STICK Writers")

Camp Fox

Dear Mother and Father,
Thank you for letting me to
come to this camp for the summer.
It allowed me to make a first-hand
study of the psychological problems of
teens and nine-year-olds. I hope
to publish the results of my findings
sometime in a couple books. I even
have a title for the article already,
"Every Thing You Always Wanted To
Know About Shooting Marbles, Jumping
Rope And Playing Jacks".
Your precious son,
David Reuben

P.S. I invented a new game with little
man today... it's called
"Playing Doller!"

from DR. DAVID REUBEN

Watergate State
Camp

Dear Mother,
Let me make this perfectly
clear. Today I received a letter
from you announcing your intended
"Allowance-Price Gag Plan". I
wonder if you realize the disaster-
ous effect this will have on my
Piggy Bank. It says nothing of
my popcorn and candy budget.
You leave me no other choice but
to ask for your resignation as of
Phase Two, a new keeper of the
Cookie Jar will be appointed.
Tricky Dicky
P.S. I'm still trying to change the name
of this camp.

from RICHARD NIXON

Dear Mater and Peter,

I'm afraid I'm lost again. I just have
no sense of direction. Like the time I
went to my bedroom for a toy, and wound
up missing for three months. The compass
around my neck, and my portable Direction
Finder, are also gone. I think they were
stolen by that Indian Guide that had hired
to direct me around camp. Just keep your
fingers crossed that the counselor will
find me before I grow a long white beard,
and nine-inch fingernails!

Your long lost son,
Howard

from HOWARD HUGHES

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LESS



Dear Crabbie:

Send any legitimate problem (and some illegitimate ones too) to DEAR CRABBIE in care of this magazine. We will try to help you solve your problem. Better still, send along some money. Help us solve our problem!

BEWARE of somebody trying to tell you a Norman Rockwell picture of the Washington Redskins

DEAR CRABBIE: I know this may sound a little strange, but I've fallen in love with a chimpanzee. Oh, I know what you're thinking. There must be something wrong with a bright, sensitive, attractive girl of 22, to marry an ape. But I can't help the way I feel. I knew it the minute I first saw him. He's different, not like the other chimpanzees, and I know we can make a go of it. Tell me truthfully, do you think a mixed-marriage like ours can work?

—PERPLEXED

DEAR PERPLEXED: Some do, others do not. You both have to be mature enough to pull it off. But good luck to you anyway.

• • •
DEAR CRABBIE: No matter how hard I try I can't seem to meet girls. I'm always going where they are—dress shops, supermarkets, beauty parlors—once I got so desperate I waited outside the Women's House of Detention on Parole Day. Nothing worked. I'm still single. I can't understand it, I'm attractive, rich and personable. What's wrong with me?

—UNDERWHELMED

DEAR UNDERWHELMED: Nothing as far as I can see. But just to be on the safe side, why don't you enter the Psychiatric Institute for electric shock treatments?

—CONCERNED

DEAR CONCERNED: Relax, it's nothing. She's just going through a typical teenage stage.

• • •

DEAR CRABBIE: I've been married 19 years and in all that time I've been deliriously happy. My husband has been an absolute prince to me. He's been the kindest, most considerate, loving gentleman you'd ever meet. But last week he did a terrible thing, the first bad thing he ever did. He forgot to bring me flowers on our anniversary. What should I do?

—FED UP

DEAR FED UP: Leave him immediately. Anyone who can forget that doesn't deserve a wife like you.

• • •

DEAR CRABBIE: I've got what has to be the world's greatest problem. Namely, I have every conceivable thing wrong with me. I'm in poor health, completely broke, old and ugly, without any friends or hope for the future. What have you got to say to me?

—DECREPID

DEAR DECREPID: Stop feeling sorry for yourself! Go out and find new hobbies, new interests. You'll feel better.

• • •

DEAR CRABBIE: My boy friend and I were planning to get married but now I don't know. He has this one fault that drives me up a wall. He has no table manners. He eats mashed potatoes with his hands, he picks his nose with the butter knife, he belches all the time and he brushes his teeth after every meal—right at the table! What can I do to change him?

—FRANTIC

DEAR FRANTIC: Have a long talk with him. Tell him how you feel. If he loves you, he'll at least hold in the belches.

• • •
DEAR CRABBIE: My husband gets drunk every night and beats me up right in front of the children. He sees other women, doesn't support me, sometimes he doesn't come home for months and he doesn't care a hoot about me. Still I love him. What should I do?

—WITS END

DEAR WITS END: Try to see his good points, and stop looking for perfection.

• • •

DEAR CRABBIE: Maybe you can help me in my dilemma, seeing as you're always solving etiquette problems. At a wedding, should the finger bowls be placed on the right or left side of the toothpicks?

—BEWILDERED

DEAR BEWILDERED: I must have more information before answering. Like the name of the caterer, time of year, who's paying for the flowers, etc. Send a self-addressed envelope and lots of luck if I don't hear from you.

• • •

Super Soy

Like I always
say...don't fire
till you see
the eyes of the
whites!



MOVIE REVIEW

by FRED WOLFE

No, this isn't the story of the Jolly Green Giant's zipper. Nor is it a story about a janitor who got stoned. It's just another in a long series of "black movies" that Hollywood has lately been giving us a rash of. And this movie in particular can give you a rash! Mainly because this movie is really black—so much so that the white cops are played by Black Muslims. It's a movie all about dope—namely the leading character, who pushes the stuff. Most of the "black films" today have the same story—only the names are changed to protect the guilty. Which is what we shoulda done to protect us for doing this review!



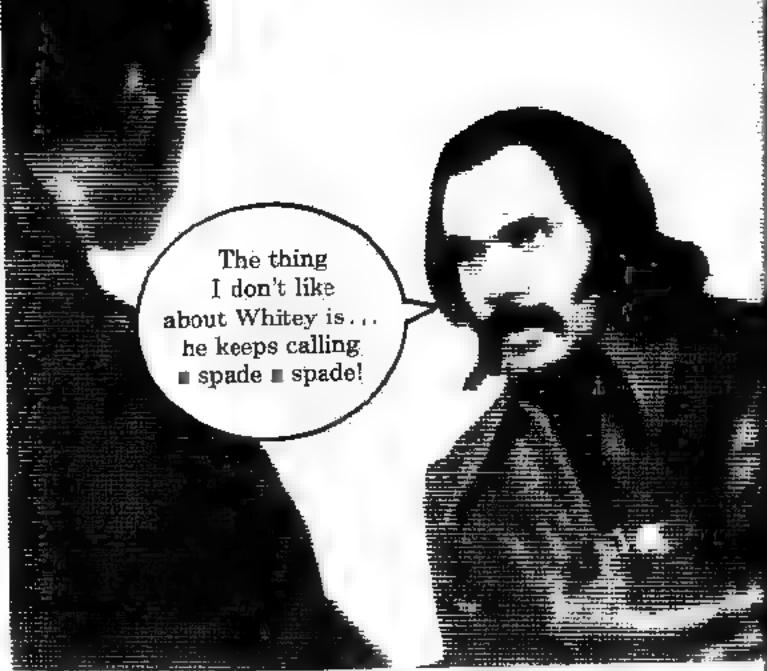
"Superfly!"

The word "Superfly"—translated freely from the Swahili—means "great cocaine." And Ron O'Neal, the black "hero" of this movie, believing that "Things Go Better With Coke-Caine"—holds the neighborhood franchise in **funny dust**. He also demonstrates that black is beautiful—especially at the box-office—where the new wave of black movies has taken Hollywood's accounting departments out of the red. Despite the fact that this particular celluloid clunker has got about as much plot as a Sears-Roe-buck catalog.

Ron, in this movie, bears the nickname "Priest." You couldn't exactly call him ■ man of the cloth—however—not unless you count

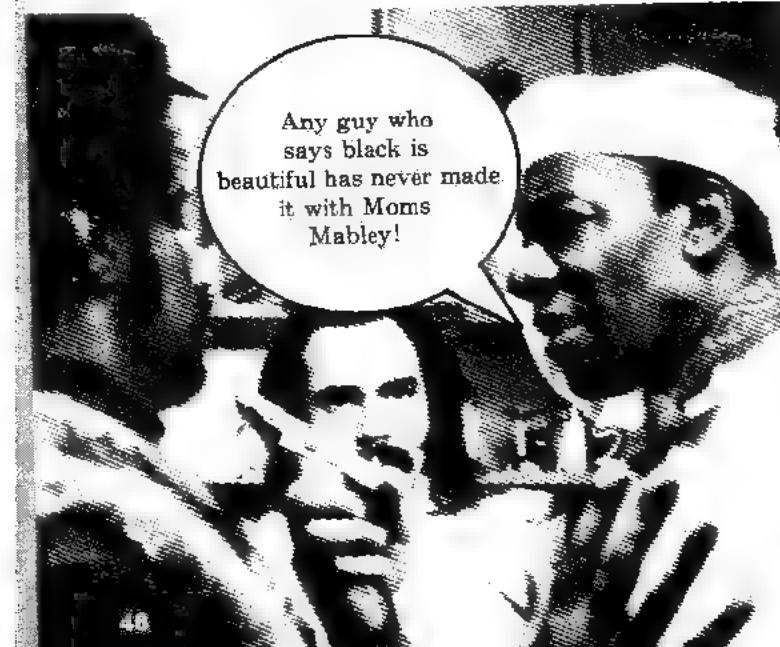
the time he mugged ■ couple of textile tycoons. And with all the broads he scores with, you couldn't describe his sex life as nun. Priest is very democratic when it comes to chicks—although he doesn't turn down any republican ones either. He has ■ white Park Avenue chick who is fond of skiing, so every now and then he brings her an ounce of "snow." And after taking ■ few sniffs, she immediately flies to the Swiss Alps—without ever leaving her room. On the way out, Priest, recalling his religious nickname, tells her: "Mother—you is superior!"

Leaving his plush Park Avenue pad, Priest hops into his Lincoln Continental. He originally wanted to buy a Cadillac, but was afraid it might make him look too Jewish.



The thing I don't like about Whitey is... he keeps calling ■ spade ■ spade!

Heading along to his Harlem girl-friend Georgia, (played by Sheila Frazer) Ron has to tip-toe through a streetful of junkies as he enters her apartment. To get Georgia into a romantic mood, Priest puts ■ record on the stereo. Optimistically enough, it's "Marching Thru Georgia." However, finding that he needs a needle, he proceeds to pull one out of his arm. Shortly afterwards, it appears that Ron is tap-dancing. But actually, he's stomping on cockroaches! Man, does he have rhythm! And so, overcome with passion, Georgia lures Priest to her waterbed. It started out as a regular bed—but the ceiling leaks a lot. Seeing that they're already soggy, they decide to take a bath together. Georgia thinks that Priest is a



Any guy who says black is beautiful has never made it with Moms Mabley!



It'll make a fortune...airplane glue that smells like watermelon!

real swinger—that is, until he asks for a rubber duck!

After the horny sauna, Priest and his partner Eddy (Carl Lee) head for an after-hours club that caters to a wild clientele. To give you an idea of the kind of customers they get—nobody uses the door—they all climb in through the "second story." It's the kind of a place where, if the dancers cut in—it's with a switchblade knife. And with the type of cigarettes they smoke, this nightclub doesn't need aisles—it needs runways! Originally it started out as a "key" club—but the customers preferred picking the lock instead.

This dungeon with the cover charge is run by a man called Scatter (Julius W. Harris). He got his nickname for never washing his socks in twenty years. And so, when he takes off his shoes—everybody scatters! He also acts as the chef. Thus, as Priest and Eddy enter, Scatter is busy barbecuing ribs—taken from the customers who refused to pay. Priest and Eddy hope to talk Scatter into becoming the colored "connection" who will set up a dope deal that will make them over a million dollars. Which is just enough nowadays to cover a week of supermarket shopping—providing you've got a small family.

Scatter is hesitant about risking his fried chicken emporium for a mere million bucks—especially after receiving a better offer from Colonel Sanders. However, Scatter doesn't chicken out, since he considers Priest to be a real good egg. So he agrees to shell out thirty kilos of cocaine—and give trading stamps yet! Priest is ecstatic, thinking he will soon make a million bucks—so that he can quit the business and start raking in the big money—unemployment insurance!

Meanwhile, to get some walking-around money, Priest orders two of his lieutenants, Judd and Fat Freddy, to pull a robbery. And they both reach the pinnacle in mugging—and insanity—by "ripping off" a member of the Mafia. Strangely enough, the mafioso doesn't hold a grudge. He even offers to make the two guys some overcoats—with cement sleeves. Fat Freddy, unfortunately, also has a fat mouth, and he reveals Priest's plans to the unfriendly fuzz. The police then beat the stuffings out of Freddy for spilling



BEWARE of finding one-half of a fly in your soup!

the beans—and also the franks—right in the commissioner's lap. They even beat him when he offers to sing. This is because he's too dumb to realize that they want him to talk!

Hearing that Priest and Eddy are going to peddle a million dollars in dope, the police are horrified, disgusted and shocked—mainly because they're not cut in on the profits. So they approach the two cool cocaine capitalists and proceed to throw the book at them. Namely, the one entitled: "Grafter's Manual"—which describes the proper amount to give to cops on the take. When a Black Power outfit attempts to shake down the dope-pushing duo, they tell the militants they already gave at the office—the one in the police precinct!

Priest intends to quit the dope peddling racket as soon as he gets his share of the million. But not his buddy, Eddy. He wants more money—so he can get what he always wanted—a season pass to Disneyland. It seems that Eddy wants to make his mark—with a needle—on the arms of every dope addict in New York City. In fact, he won't rest until the television commercial says: "Hi, I'm Eddy—Fly Me To Oblivion!" And so, as Priest proceeds to split with his stash of the cash, Eddy rats on him. Which is easy—seeing as there are plenty of them running around the apartment.

Eddy then calls the unlisted number of the Big Boss, and finds him almost impossible to reach. Especially since the Boss has no phone

—just an unlisted number. Nevertheless, Eddy tells him that Priest is taking it on the lam with something of sentimental value—namely, their money! So they soon make plans to hijack Priest's wallet to Cuba. But Priest has cleverly arranged to drop off the cash with Georgia, who disguises herself in old cleaning clothes with a bandana around her head—making her look like Aunt Jemima. Too bad Georgia didn't invest the loot. With that stake, she could have made a fortune in pancakes.

Priest is now on the run—more so after Eddy spikes his drink with prune juice. Priest is running for his life, having found out that the Big Boss has knocked off Scatter, who has gotten too old to be useful in the racket. Poor Scatter—he expected a pension—or, at the least, a gold watch. Oh, well, guess that's what you get when you work for a "Superfly-by-night" outfit. Priest then takes some of the dough and goes to "Hertz Rent-A-Hood"—where he hires a couple of "hit" men. He leaves them the identity of the Big Boss (a top cop) who is to be "cooled" in case anything happens to Priest. When the Boss is informed of this unhealthy turn of events, he takes the heat off Priest—who didn't need a sun-lamp anyway with his shade of skin. To sum it up, there is a lot of truth to this picture. In fact, it's really full of it. This is a movie that definitely calls a spade a spade! All we can say is—to those of you who keep saying "black is beautiful"—have you ever seen Moms Mabley in the morning???

SPORTS ODDITIES

by LANGTON

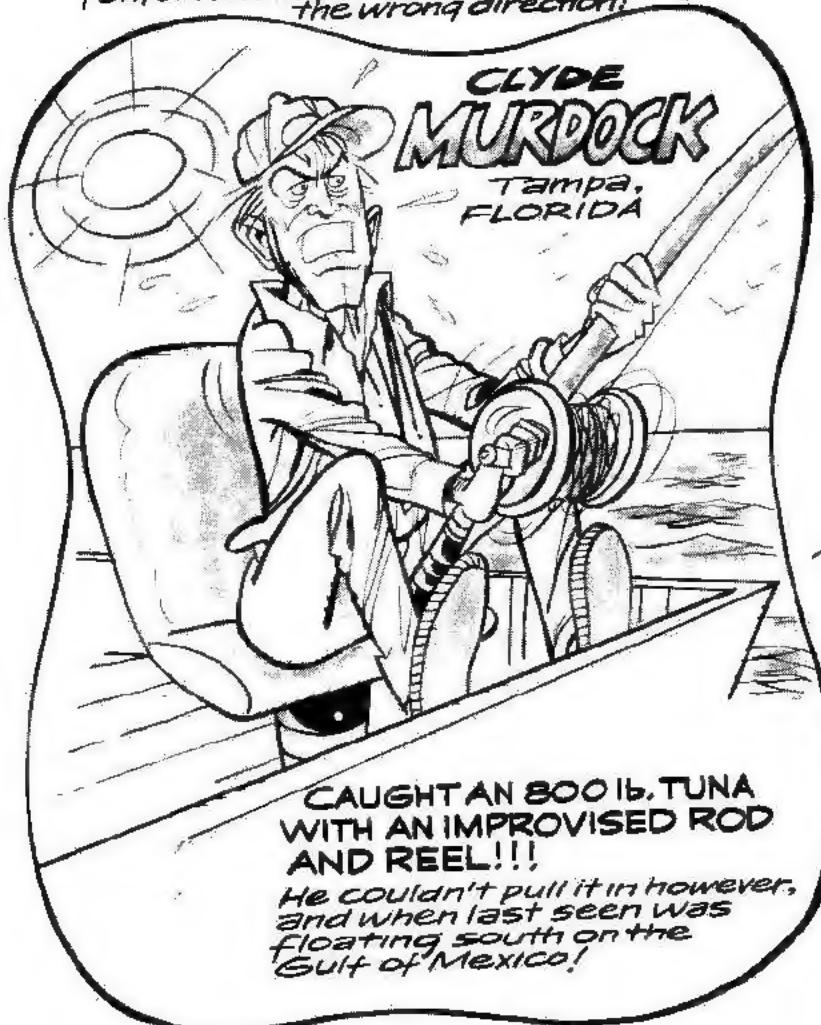
Orville P. SNIDLE

Racine,
Wisconsin



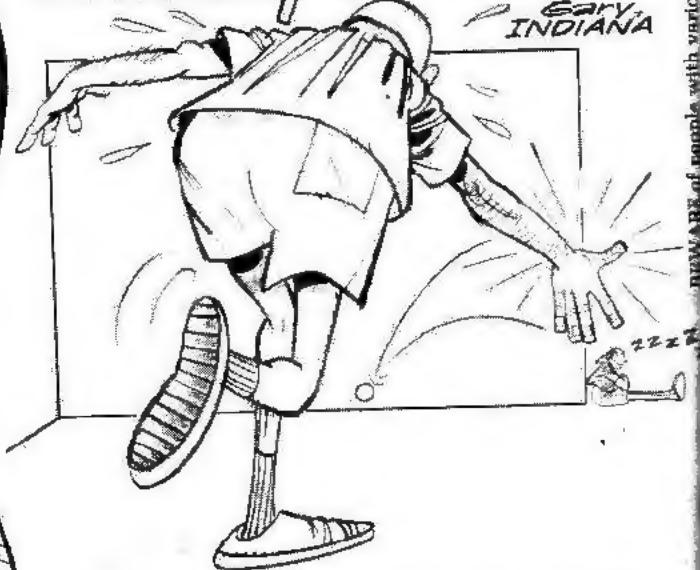
SCORED 86 KNOCKOUTS IN 86 CONSECUTIVE FIGHTS!!

Trouble is, they were the referees, not the other fighters!!!



Sammy Grovis...

Gary, Indiana



Only difficulty was that the fellow he was playing against stopped at 15!!!

HARVEY KECK

HURLED A DISCUS 1900 FEET INTO SPACE!!!

Unfortunately, it hit the referee judging the event!

That's right, you're finally seeing...

*The king
of the
hangups
is back
on the
block*

a SICK hangup

EXCLUSIVE!

BRIDGET LOVES ~~BERNIE~~ Huckleberry

